

FACTSHEET FIVE

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FACTSHEET FIVE is published four times per year, appearing in the bulk mails on or about the first day of February, May, August, and November. US copies are sent Bulk Mail. Canadian copies are sent First Class but it'll be book rate if this gets much bigger. Overseas copies are sent Surface Mail unless special arrangements are made.

Deadlines for FF are the 20th of January, April, July and October.

FACTSHEET FIVE is always free to prisoners.

FACTSHEET FIVE sells advertising space at the following rates:

Full page: \$25

Half page: \$15

• Quarter page: \$10 Business Card: \$5

Please note that these rates have been increased due to the 50% rise in copy count. Page size is 7" x 12½" if you don't mind having your stuff reduced to 64%, or 4½" x 8" if you want it to appear full size. Exchange ads with other publications may also be arranged.

Back issues of FACTSHEET FIVE are available as follows:

#1,2,3,4 \$1 each

#5,6,8,9,10,12 \$2 each

#7,11,13 (xerox) \$3 each

Complete set \$15



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FACTSHEET FIVE

A week late but still kicking, this is still the zine of cross-currents and crosspollination. Available by mail from Mike Gunderloy, who may be contacted at 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155; phone (617)-391-3496. This is Pretzel Press publication #623, and is intended for direct bulk mailing to subscribers and good people everywhere. Press run: 600 copies. 14th issue. Hooray.

Once again I present the code to your mailing label, on the first line after your name. I try to remember to mark your copy if it's time to renew, but you'd better check just in case.

A number indicates the last issue on your subscription. So if there's a "14" after your name, send more money or Do Something quick (see below). If there's a number after your name and you don't know me, somebody else gave me your name -- want to subscribe?

"+" indicates that you've got nothing to worry about, because you're on the staph, won a contest, or just got lucky.

"A" means that you're an artist and you've either sent me art or I want you to do so or both.

"D" means you're distributing FF or I think you might do so soon.

"P" means you're in the slammer. Your subscription is free as long as you keep in touch, because if I don't hear from you I'll assume the mysterious Them is intercepting it.

"M" means you sent me music to review or promised to send me music to review in the future.

"T" means we're trading zines, all-for-all, or that I'd like you to consider a trade.

Any of the above followed by a number indicates that you'd better get in touch with me otherwise the number will be your last issue.

And remember, FF is mailed Bulk Rate, which means that undeliverable copies go to the Great Post Office in the sky instead of getting forwarded. So if you move, let me know, or you won't get any more.

I don't think that this FF is going to be any bigger than the last one so the price isn't going up. Which is to say, the price of FACTSHEET FIVE is \$1.75 if you pay in cash, check, or Money Order or \$1.54 in stamps per issue. You may subscribe for up to four issues at a time to protect yourself against price increases. Anything over \$6.16 in stamps or \$7 in cash is a welcome donation.

And thanks this time go out to JC Brainbeau, imagine, and Donna Young for monetary contributions and Phlegm Pets, the Last International, Sean Haugh, Donna Young, Dave Szurek and Rocco Cipollone for stuff to review.

Now I know some of you folks believe that the US Postal Service is a coercive monopoly (which it is), but I don't take used stamps in payment, soaped or not.

A single sample copy of FF is still only \$1, but this applies only to your first copy. If you send me a buck for your second copy, I'm just going to keep it and the hell with you.

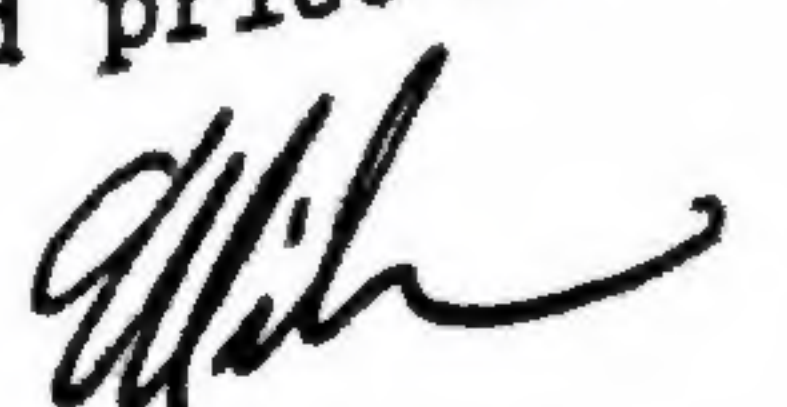
In lieu of sending stamps or money, you may trade me your own fanzine, send music (records or tapes) to review, send me art to use, get thrown in the slammer, or become a distributor. You can also stay on the mailing list by sending me something to review that I haven't seen before (this is getting harder all the time) or by bartering dangerous drugs, negotiable securities, or canned goods.

What will not work is sending too little money, begging, or writing locs, as well as non-credible threats.

I'll look at unsolicited short manuscripts but don't guarantee publication, return or even acknowledgement.

I'm taking too many classes right now so a couple of things got pushed off to the next issue, including some nifty art and the results of the publishers' survey -- so publishers, it's not too late to send me your answers to the questions on page 26 of the last issue.

Also, it looks like a lot of people would be willing to pay two bucks for an issue of FF, so I might just up the size and price for the next issue. Subscribe now before it's too late.



GLOSSARY

Anarchist: One who believes that we would all be better off without government. Most anarchists know what the true anarchist society would look like. They all disagree about it.

APA: Amateur Press Association. A magazine jointly written by the subscribers. Generally each subscriber is responsible for printing his own pages and mailing them to a central point, from which he gets back copies of everyone's pages. Sometimes likened to a cocktail party in print.

Church of the SubGenius: A manic faith based on the mystical teachings of the late J.R. "Bob" Dobbs and dedicated to helping people reclaim the Slack that the system has stolen from them. More details \$1 from PO Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214.

Constitutionalist: People generally on the conservative right who feel the government of this country is trampling wholesale over individual rights and should be forced to adhere to the letter of the Constitution. Major areas of concern usually include the IRS, the Federal Exchange System, the lack of a gold standard, and how to defend yourself in court.

Discordian: A believer in the idea that God is a crazy woman. As evidenced the Discordian points to all the chaos in the world. See Sner & Wilson's ILLUMINATUS! trilogy. Also called Erisians.

Fan: Usually short for "science fiction fan". Fans are usually people who used to read SF and now like to hang around with other people who used to read SF. Many are active in publishing something.

Fen: The plural of fan.

Loc: Letter of comment on a fanzine.

Mail-Art Network (MAN): Similar to an apa but involving more art, less words, and a wide variety of media. A consequence of the ready availability of copying machines in our society.

Minicomic: Like a comic book only smaller and usually printed in black and white. Typical size is about 3" x 4".

Neopagan: Member of any of a number of related religions that are involved in nature- or Goddess-worship. Loosely bonded by a common search for non-hierarchical alternatives to organized religion. Often polytheistic or pantheistic. Sometimes just called pagans.

Networking: What you're doing by reading FACTSHEET FIVE and then writing to people. Trendy synonym for "Communication".

OE: Official Editor. The person who runs an APA or MAN, puts the thing together, keeps track of the finances and sends it out in the mail.

Pfanzine: A fanzine dealing with music of any sort, derived from "punk fanzine". The silent "p" serves to distinguish them from sfanzines. Fastest-growing segment of fanzines today.

Posterist: A producer of single-page posters, usually illustrating some obscure political or social point or designed to confuse the normal people. Various posterists use MANs, telephone poles, or direct mail to distribute their work.

SASE: Self-Addressed Stamped Envelope. Should be legal size with 22¢ postage unless specified otherwise.

Sfanzine: A fanzine dealing with science fiction, or at least put out by a SF fan. The silent "s" is to distinguish them from pfanzines. Traditionally more important than eating to the average fan.

Situationist: Member, by self-definition, of an artistic movement with vague ties to the surrealists and dadaists. Dedicated to an intensely convoluted analysis of everyday life written by a bunch of crazy Frenchmen. Do good things with appropriated art.

The Usual: Traditional method of obtaining sfanzines without stooping to using cash. Generally includes trading one's own sfanzine, writing a loc, contributing an article or some art, or being beneficiary of the editor's whim.

Vonu: From Voluntary and Not Vulnerable. A method of obtaining individual liberty by escaping from society into the wilderness and only coming back for cheeseburgers.

PUBLISHER'S SHOWCASE

Here I present the things that have, for one reason or another, caught my attention as exemplars of the fine art of fanzine publishing. These are zines that I would have been proud to produce; zines which engross the reader; zines which are in some way more unique than others. This is a subjective listing; there are hundreds of other zines this good, but each quarter I like to pick out a few of the cream of the crop for special attention.

AHA! BAG-A-ZINE #3 (\$6 from John d'Beers, 1840 Rhodes Rd. #651, Kent, OH 44240): This one comes in a zip-loc sandwich bag filled to the bursting with 50 or more items: interviews, slides, stickers, bits of paper bearing pictures of cockroaches, art, a band interview in the form of inkblot interpretations, a 7-song cassette, a Taiwanese fortune-teller fish, and the Fruit Fly of Doom, to name a few. SubGenuis, strange music, and mail art all rolled up into one concentrated dose of contemporary underground culture. More of an artifact than a zine, this one must be seen and believed to be appreciated. Try it, you won't regret spending the money.



THE BABY AND THE BATHWATER (\$5 from Bob Black, 2000 Center St. #1314, Berkeley, CA 94704): Moving from the sublime to the ridiculous brings me to Bob's book-length account of the machinations of a group of thugs out to discredit and destroy him for the sin of having dared to question their integrity. I hesitate to attempt to summarize things in this limited space, but once upon a time there was an allegedly anti-authoritarian rag called PROCESSED WORLD. Bob pointed out in a review that PW was being run by pro leftists rather than "dissident office workers" as they claimed. The PW promptly proved their major league status by telling all who would listen that they were under attack by a lunatic, by assaulting him and filing suit against him, and by various other despicable actions. If you're at all active on the left fringes you should have a copy of this just to see how far "anti-authoritarians" can fall into the swamp of harball politics as usual.

BIG MAG #2 (\$1.95 from 54 W. Randolph #606E2, Chicago, IL 60601): A fledging attempt to produce a high-quality alternative magazine in Chicago, this one is taking off nicely. #2 features interviews with Studs Terkel and Warren Freiberg, subversive propaganda from the vaults of the SubGenius, and discussion of the new film version of 1984. According to the editor, this one has done well on local bookstore and newsstand shelves, sneaking topics usually found in cruddy xerox zines on to the coffee tables of Chicago. I'd like to see more attempts to widen the appeal of the fanzine genre, and BIG MAG is leading the way.

DDC#040.002 #3 (? from tentatively, a convenience, Bob 382CR, Baltimore, MD 21203): No price on this one, so send tent a couple of bucks and hope for the best. tent is a saint of the SubGenius Church, a prolific mail artist, and probably a borderline psychotic. At any rate, this is another collection of cultural waste: an article on Dial-a-Rumor, some strange stories of everyday life, nut mail filched from a Congressman's office, pictures of someone's hands with holes drilled through the fingernails, street posters and a letter from someone who talks to ants, all bound in an attractive leatherette cover that was meant to contain back issues of NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE. tent deliberately tries to be unclassifiable, and I think he succeeds, but whatever he's doing makes me laugh.

THE DROOD REVIEW OF MYSTERY Vol. V #1 (\$9/year from Box 8872, Boston, MA 02114): This is a mystery reader's fanzine. I don't know of any others but if they exist they're probably not this good. Primarily devoted to the written word and containing mostly reviews, the Drood writers generally attempt to view things from a fresh perspective. Feminism, conspiracy theory, and homosexuality have all served as springboards into reviews. But the reviewers know enough to keep their ideology second to the questions of literary worth and enjoyability, and the result is an atmosphere that encourages the reader to get excited about finding more good books. I would be less than fair to my own readers if I did not reveal that I occasionally write for Drood (mainly about sleazy adventure novels and spy stories); nonetheless, I think I'd write the same review now even if I never read mysteries.

FOLK WRITE (\$5 from Kerry Thornley, 2981 Lookout Place, Atlanta, GA 30305): I think this is from the real Kerry rather than one of the ubiquitous imposters. Posters, collages, fortune cookie fortunes, poetry, crank mail and, most of all, small essays and other easy writing from one of the original Discordian sages. Contains new Erisian scriptures, conspiracy theories, and an introduction to Laissez-Faire Socialism are just a few of the things contained in this long-awaited sequel to PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA.

THE FREEMAN April 1985 (Free on request from FEE, Irvington-on-Hudson, NY 10533): FEE is the Foundation for Economic Education, and they exist to spread the orthodox libertarian-conservative viewpoint on the ills of our society. You won't find wild-eyed radical anarchist rhetoric here, but rather the sort of lectures you might hear given by Austrian Economists talking to intelligent laymen -- which is just the audience FEE is aiming for. They want to change the world slowly, by explaining in simple terms why they think capitalism is OK, how governments cause inflation, and why laws against plant closings are errant nonsense. The price is right (though oddly non-capitalistic) and every issue contains a few pieces that make good arguments for liberty on almost any level.

MAINSTREAM 10 (\$1 or The Usual from Suzle & Jerry Kaufman, 4326 Winslow Place N., Seattle, WA 98103): This is a fine example of the traditional sfzine. Printed on Twiltone (the sort of paper they gave you in third grade to go with the big fat pencil), it holds articles on the superiority of traditional English Ale over Watney's Red Barrel, the best way to prepare illos for mimeograph stencilling, a melding of Tolkien with pinball, and a long and lively lettercolumn. Some of the loccers even talk about science fiction, believe it or not. For you non-SF-fans, this is a good place to see what it's all about; MAINSTREAM won't leave you as baffled as other sfzines, and you might find out that it appeals to you.

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL #23 (\$1.50 from PO Box 288, Berkeley, CA 94701): This is one of the pfanzines (along with FLIPSIDE) that put all others to shame. 72 pages of raw, vibrant rock and roll and punk music. They publish "scene reports" (which generate lots of controversy), interviews, record reviews, and a letter column that resembles a limited nuclear war. If you only want one pfanzine, this is a good candidate (though I urge you to check out FLIPSIDE as well). MRR takes the whole punk scene and puts it in the perspective of political change. While many question that perspective, they do a fairly good job of justifying it here. They also put out records and do some other odds and ends.

SUPER BOSS ROCK POP LUST MAGAZINE #7 (\$1.50 (no checks) from Teenie Wompum Records, 5259 Brooklyn Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105): A pfanzine that sticks closer to the mainstream than most, this one is almost more interested in personalities than music. Stuff on members of The Monkees, a long interview with John Sebastian, and comics pop up out of a sea of cartoons, letters and snideness, all executed with a fine-point pen in microprinting. Best part of the whole issue was "A Brief Analysis of Annette Funicello's Contribution to Western Thought and Philosophy", an absolutely hilarious look back at the Mickey Mouse Club sex symbol.

THE TRAGEDY OF MORTY, PRINCE OF DENMARKE, Acts I-V (\$10 from Steve Willis, 385½ Irving, Pullman, WA 99163): This is a retelling of HAMLET featuring Morty, Steve's cartoon dog, in the lead role. But to describe this so baldly is to completely miss its charm. Steve takes much of the original dialogue from Shakespeare, adds snide remarks of his own, and puts it all in the mouth of a motley collection of comic characters. The whole set rund better than 150 pages of clean, crisp line drawings, and the story is lots easier to follow (and funnier) than in the original. Go ahead, a little culchuh won't hurt you.

ZINES

It seems likely that you'll find less art in this section than in the past. For one thing, I've got less on hand; for another, I've got more fanzines to review. Does this make it any harder to slog through the reviews?

AAAAA
AANN BULLETIN #18 (\$12/year from PO Box 915, Stn. F, Toronto, Ont., M4Y 2N9 CANADA): A part of the international Ekomedia Network, AANN is devoted to bringing news that might interest them to anti-authoritarians all over the continent. (Other journals in the network cover Europe.) This doesn't mean just good stuff like anti-nuke demos and successful boycotts, but also bad stuff like anti-nuke demos and draft resistance convictions and violence against anarchists. While I disagree with some of their editorial positions -- particularly the apparent support of the "Animal Liberation Front" -- I think AANN is performing a much-needed service.

ABORTED IMAGES #9 (\$2 from Joanna Rogers, 420 London St., Peterborough, Ont. K9H 3A3 CANADA): A MAN, this one features about an even split between original drawings and collages. They're always after new contributors with a skewed view of the world. I think my favorite page in this is the one that starts "It lives in the basement..."



ALTERNATIVE ENERGY TRANSPORTATION Vol. 6 #6 (\$2 from EV Consultants, Inc., 327 Central Park West, New York, NY 10025): Take a set of wheels, put them together with a non-gasoline power source, and you have something for these folks to write about. It's a specialized field, and one I wouldn't have believed was so active. We've got battery-powered vans, fuel cell cars, methanol engines and lots of other things duking it out at a slew of meetings and conferences to be the transport of the future. As far as I know, the editors don't have a financial stake in any of this, and in any case they seem to do a good job of reporting the latest developments -- good and bad -- in a quickly-changing field.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL COM-X #13 (75¢ or so from 110 Overocker Rd., Poughkeepsie, NY 12603): Every time I turn around there is another zine coming from Poughkeepsie. It's getting sort of suspicious. Anyhow, this one consists of various comics and art from one Steppon Geselt, who has a stark and dark style that reminds me vaguely of Ralph Steadman -- though he needs a lot more practice to get up to that level. Bears watching for the future.

AMERICAN FORUM 15 (\$13.95/year from Box 261, Dept. E, Staten Island, NY 10302): The subscription price gets you a monthly clipping zine plus weekly "updates". Most of this stuff is reprints of stories from various tabloids interspersed with reader's comments. The most prevalent topic is sex, followed by the income tax and ghosts. It's not clear to me why this one exists, but they certainly generate a lot of paper on a regular basis. They offend people regularly enough to print one or two angry letters -- mostly asking to be removed from the mailing list -- every issue.

AMERICAN LIVING #13 (\$2 from PO Box 901, Allston, MA 02134): I would class this as more mail-art, emanating from people with access to lots of old drawings from which to make collages. The collages have the same dreamlike quality that many of you are used to from the Kansas College of Collage folks. A more-or-less inspired recycling of our cultural debris and stuff rescued from the ashcan of history.

ANTI-AUTHORITARIANS ANONYMOUS (SASE to PO Box 11331, Eugene, OR 97440): This is not the same Triple-A that comes and tows your car off the road when your radiator blows up. Instead, it is an anarchist posterist project fueled by someone who has swallowed a Thesaurus and the complete works of the Situationists. Much of their stuff is esoteric attacks on the idea of work or the capital system; however, their latest broadside, an attack on the folks at PROCESSED WORLD, is quite readable and interesting.

ARDEN WHITEHEAD NEWS 1/28/85 (SASE (?) from 359 East "A" St., Dixon, CA 95620): What we have here is four pages of rambling stuff from someone who apparently doesn't have too many ties with consensus reality. Just leafing through it, I see references to the French Revolution, the International Masons, a few assassinations, an attack on the credit system, and an account of the detention centers being built in California disguised as highway rest areas. Figure this one out and the duck will come down and give you \$100.

THE BACKROOM BUZZ 10 (SASE from Real George Productions, PO Box 724, CP, NY 12065): Real George's Backroom is alternative programming available on cable TV in New York and this is their newsletter. Much of it is of purely local interest, but they are branching out a bit: this issue features movie and music reviews of nationally-available stuff, and as always is a mine of info about small bands in the Albany area, if you ever want to keep track of them.

BANG! #7 (\$1.25 from Rocco Cipollone, 77 Newbern Ave., Medford, MA 02155): Rocco is practically a neighbor, and he's pubbed some of my zine reviews in this pfanzone, but that doesn't prejudice me in favor of his product. Bang! stays a lot closer to the mainstream of rock than most pfanzines while focusing on acts other than the big names. This one features stuff on the Del Fuegos, the Nails, the Lyres and Plan 9, to name a few of which you may have heard. Other than the interviews, Bang! is mostly devoted to record reviews, which are short, crisp, and informative.

BETWEEN THE LINES 1 (SASE from Erik Kosberg, 1062 11th Ave. SE #2, Minneapolis, MN 55414): This zine is another plot of the insidious SubGenius plot to take over your mind, or at least your wallet -- but they're not asking for any money, yet. A motley collection of gags and columns stolen from other pubs, some of these will probably be familiar to you but others won't. Know anywhere else that will teach you to say "How do I enroll my children in the Young Communist League" in Russian, just in case you ever need to know?

THE BEWILDERBEAST #6 (\$2.25 from Dennis Fischer, 366 N. Spaulding Ave. #12, Los Angeles, CA 90036): This is a fanzine devoted, apparently, to low-budget movies that doesn't contain much of the "Oh boy, more gore! attitude so prevalent in most horrorzines. Maby the editor is post-adolescent. Anyhow, the showpiece of this issue is a series of interviews with people from American International Pictures (producers of such greats as FROGS and I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF), and I found them to be surprisingly entertaining reading.

THE BIBLE LAW & FREEDOM INFORMATION LETTER #11 (SASE from Jeremy Myer, PO Box 2700, Huntington Beach, CA 92647): When last reviewed this was just a run of the mill Constitutionalist newsletter, but now it's added the Bible to the title and plenty of scriptural quotes to the body of the zine. Apparently the only reason They get away with the Income Tax is that We have fallen away from God's commandments, or something like that. I'm not trying to be mocking, but I have a hard time seeing the connection here.

BIG APPLE NEWS 685 (\$2/year from J.A. Keel, PO Box 20024, New York, NY 10025-9992): There is a whole industry out there that concentrates on getting 1" high by 2" wide ads out to as many people as possible as cheaply as possible. You know the type: "Send \$1 for Old Indian Cough Syrup Remedy". Well, Big Apple News is full of tiny ads for these places that print your tiny ads. For all I know, all the other tiny ad sheets are full of ads for Big Apple News. Do these people make any money or just shuffle it around?

THE BIG TAKEOVER #18 (40¢ from Jack Rabid, 244 Eldridge St. Box 14, New York, NY 10002): As with most pfanazines, you probably ought to throw in a few stamps with your order. Big Takeover is something of a newspaper of record for small music producers and bands that play New York. Better than 50 live show reviews and hundreds of record reviews in every issue. Does for records what I try to do for fanzines. And he succeeds.

BIGHORN MONTHLY #4 (25¢ & SASE from Bighorn Comics, 701 Emerson, Sheridan, WY 82801): There must be something in the water in Sheridan, home of Dial-a-Rumor and now this. This is a small black-and-white super hero comic book. It makes as much sense to me as any other super hero comic book. Perhaps I should have sent it to Steve or Roger to review. Anyhow, I think the editor-in-chief is still in school, and I look for big (or at least strange) things from him in the future.

THE BOB #21 (\$1.50 from PO Box 897, Ansonia Station, New York, NY 10023): A tabloid pfanazine, The Bob sticks to reasonably well-established New England acts for the most part. Well, actually, this issue has a special section on Boston bands, but the coverage is national. The format is the usual: interviews and reviews, but the reviews are more lengthy than most and don't leave you feeling like you'd been reading the equivalent of fast food. A way to learn about new music without being assaulted by screaming bare-chested gentlemen with Mohawks on every page.

BOING! #1 (1 pound, barter, trade from 3 Watlington Cottages, Watlington Grove, Sydenham, London, England SE26): This is a British Discordian zine, combining confusing references to a British TV show for kids with pages copped out of the PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA and a general willingness to go out and get blasted at the slightest excuse. I don't know if they're still in business or not. Writing to Discordians is always a bit dodgy, as we're quite unreliable on the whole. Still, this looks like fun.

BOLD PRINT (Sample SASE from Kyle Hogg, 1107 Skymont Rd., Staunton, VA 24401): A small sort-of-pfanazine. Consists of what are apparently song lyrics without music and collage art. Most of the themes are sort of "teenage angst", but a few aspire to more than that. The graphics are pretty interesting.

BOYS AND GIRLS GROW UP #4 (\$3.25 from PO Box 5718, Richmond, VA 23220): 30 pages of comic art from Richmond locals. As one might expect, the quality is spotty, but on the whole it compares favorably with other underground comics I've seen. My favorite strips include "High School Acid Trip" and "Death Makes a Deal". There are also a couple of works that are more prose than drawings, including a hilarious parody of the hard-boiled dick genre of detective fiction.

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BREAKFAST WITHOUT MEAT #7 (\$1 from 639 Steiner-D, San Francisco, CA 94117): A pfanzine trying to do something, anything, to break out of the mold. Best part of this issue is the cover, bearing reduced copies of memorable covers from the past fifty years of BWM. The cover from Summer '67 is a classic. Inside, the thing that caught my eye was the coded music reviews. Wouldn't it have been easier for me to type "H, EE, LL" instead of this whole review?

BVI NEWSLETTER "Special Poverty Issue" (SASE from PO Box 2413, Littleton, CO 80161): Two-pager xerox of imaginary news stories. Only mildly funny one was about Pepsi becoming the state drink of Montana. Gratuitous picture of sultry female on the cover.

THE INSIDIOUS CALLIGRAPHIC BUTTON CATALOGUE OF DOCTOR FU MANCHU (SASE from Nancy Lebovitz, 400 Wollaston Ave. #C6, Newark, DE 19711): Nancy carries something like 450 different hand-lettered buttons ranging from "You knew the job was dangerous when you took it" to "Oh no, not another learning experience!" (one of my favorites). This catalog will force you to spend money, but fortunately the prices are excellent, particularly if one is smart enough to order in bulk. I wear Nancy's buttons to school all the time, and they get noticed a lot.

CHANGES JOURNAL 00005 (\$3 from PO Box 734, State College, PA 16801): "The magazine of Future Magick", this is sort of an engineering neopagan zine. The editor's concerns include isolation tanking, setting up an "intentional community" of Good People out in the sticks somewhere, and Tim Leary's various nutbar metaphysical works. The production is high quality and there is a lot of thought evident on every page. Here's hoping that small-scale solutions can make a difference.

CHANGES SOCIALIST JOURNAL Vol. 7 #3-4 (\$2 from 17300 Woodward, Detroit, MI 48203): No connection with the above, this one looks to "strong militant unions" and "a revolutionary socialist party" to save us all. This issue has good stories on Union Carbide in West Virginia and Bhopal and some analysis of the Middle Eastern mess. Leftist news from a workers' perspective instead of an academic one.

CHANGING WORK #1 (\$3 from PO Box 5065, New Haven, CT 06525): This magazine focuses on the future of the workplace and what can be done to change it from the bottom up instead of from the top down. Co-operative workplace experiences in places as diverse as Spain and Philadelphia are discussed as well as the possibility of employees making decisions on what to produce at a McDonnell-Douglas plant. I think they concentrate a bit too much on worker ownership and not enough on worker decision-making, but this is after all a first issue.

CHEAP TRUTH 11 (SASE from Vincent Omniveritas, 809-C West 12th St., Austin, TX 78701): A sfanzine that devotes most of its space to SF (although an interview with Raymond Chandler snuck into this issue). Opinionated, and the general opinion is that most popular SF these days is crap and the good stuff is undiscovered. Also proprietors of SMOF-BBS, the only computerized on-line sfanzine around (300 baud, 512-836-7663). Pioneers to be followed.

THE CHRISTIAN PATRIOT CRUSADER Vol. 3 #1 (\$1.50 from Jack Mohr, 113 Ballentine St., Bay St. Louis, MO 39520): 20 typeset pages of ravings from someone who feels that the Zionist-Communists are running the government and destroying all the true patriotic Christians. Like Ron Reagan or Jerry Falwell but more extreme by far. Serious examination of Zionist policy in the Mideast is not helped by this sort of crap.

CIRCLE A IN ATLANTA #11 (Contribution from PO Box 57114, Atlanta, GA 30343-1114): The premier anarchist zine of the Southeast. They recently sponsored an anarchist conference but I haven't heard yet how it went. Of particular interest in this issue are a history of Atlanta's anarchist community from 1967 to the present (it provides an excellent view of the history of the recent movement) and a libertarian Marxist analysis of the food situation in Africa (take it with a grain of salt, but you won't find these facts in your daily paper).

THE CITIZEN'S CLAW April 1985 (\$1 cash/MO only from S.A. Freeman, PO Box 441, Morongo Valley, CA 92256): A Constitutionalist periodical issuing from California's lovely High Desert. Folks associated with the Claw have decided that the present government, with the exception of the Supreme Court, aren't paying any attention to the Constitution, so they have announced the dissolution of the USA and formation of NNUSA (New Nation USA). Claiming to represent 30 million patriots, they promise to restore our rights. For \$3 one can register as a citizen of NNUSA and be on the side of the angels.

THE CLOSEST PENGUINS 6 (\$1 from 373 Tenth St., San Francisco, CA 94103): A fun zine full of what I think of as Rorschach Stories -- ones in which the meaning depends upon the reader. No punctuation, no titles, and sometimes it's hard to tell where one story leaves off and another begins, but it doesn't matter. These are normal people writing of normal days, young folks trying to understand the world (or perhaps old folks who haven't lost their youth), and a lot of their writing rings a chord with me.

THE COMICS BUYER'S GUIDE #595 (\$1.50 from 700 E. State St., Iola, WI 54990): A gigantic weekly tabloid devoted to comic books. Leads off with a few pages of news and ends up with a tremendous number of ads from people buying and selling comics. Want to buy a copy of FANTASTIC FOUR #1 -- only \$700? Or a set of SUPERBOY comics for \$3400? I don't know where else you could even look for a dealer.

THE CONNECTION #127 (\$1.50 from Erwin S. Strauss, 9850 Fairfax Sq. #232, Fairfax, VA 22031): A mostly-libertarian apa that comes out every six weeks in micro-reduced print (yes, much smaller than this). Inmates range from left anarchists to orthodox libertarians to one lost and lonely commie. At times the discussions bear a resemblance to debates as to the number of angels on the head of a pin, but on the whole, I find them to be interesting.

CONTROLLED CHAOS #1 (\$1 (?) from Bob M., 3034 Highridge, La Crescenta CA 91214): A new anarchist zine from the growing community of punk and new wave anarchists. Anti-capitalist, anti-government, atheistic -- now all Bob needs is an alternative. The poetry and graphics are generally excellent.

CONVERGENT REALITIES Vol. 1 #1 (\$2 from PO Box 1708, New Milford, CT 06776): A combination Sfanzone and SCAzine (The SCA is the Society for Creative Anachronism, a bunch of folks who dress up in medieval garb and go to parties). An excellent first issue, particularly the "Fandom/SCAdom Dictionary", a much-needed resource. It looks like the editor is planning to sneak in neopaganism and philosophy for future issues.

CRUCIBLE #3 (\$2 from PO Box 2206, Napa, CA 94558): This is a pfanzine devoted entirely to heavy metal music: you know, the stuff that uses electric guitars to peel the flesh off of your skull when you listen to it. The band names aren't as silly as you find in the usual punk zine but they make up for it by supplying ten times as much black leather and studs. If you like this stuff I trust you know what I'm talking about, and if you don't, then don't send for this.

DAILY IMPULSE Vol. 1 #1 (\$5/year from PO Box 90312, San Diego, CA 92109): Long time FF readers will remember POINT-BLANK, an anarchist broadside monthly. Well, the PB folks have combined forces with some other loonies and the result is DAILY IMPULSE, and the quality is just as high. These guys combine an understanding of historical anarchy with an understanding of today's youth, and even if I don't buy their whole ideology I think they're doing a great job. Much of this stuff is of local interest only, but I found lots to interest me even on the far coast.

DIALOGUE #49 (Sample FREE from 916 Euterpe, New Orleans, LA 70130): "New Orleans Alternative Monthly Newsjournal" concentrates mostly on local events, and is a good source of contacts in the region. They concentrate on bringing an anarchist viewpoint to problems of concern to everyone in the area: nuke power, draft resistance and anti-apartheid work, for example.

THE DILLINGER RELIC 39 (\$1 from Arthur D. Hlavaty, 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham, NC 27701): DR is Arthur's diary, but instead of being full of salacious incidents it's full of football and computer talk, book reviews, snide observations on the state of the world, and levitating roof pigs. (It also has salacious incidents). This must be a sfzine, since it's been nominated for the Hugo a couple of times, but it bears as much resemblance to the spaceships-and-aliens stereotype as a roof pig does to great architecture.

THE DISHWASHER'S QUARTERLY (? from Scott Bennett, #1 Yellow Rail, Hilton Head Island, SC 29928): I'd say about a buck but the only price I see is \$10 for some unspecified number. A small zine of stories by and about dishwashers. I guess dishwashers need a magazine too. Did they have to send a copy to me?

DOWNTOWN MINICOMICS #3 (\$1 from Greg Doud, 1000 8th #714A, Seattle WA 98104): This is 8 by 7 inches, a good deal larger than most mini comics. A lot of this stuff is lightweight satire and attacks on the New Right, but most of it is just funny. I enjoyed "Two Priests in Pompey" particularly.

THE DUPLEX PLANET #64 (\$1.25 from David Greenberger, PO Box 1230, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866): Consists entirely of interviews of residents of the Duplex Nursing Home answering a variety of silly-ass questions from the editor. It reads like prose poetry, if that's not a contradiction in terms, and I find it a good deal more entertaining than most poetry. The wisdom of the ages may be locked up in the pages of the DP, but I don't think anyone will ever dig it out.

EAT IT UP & #41 (\$1 from 1649 Dwight Way, Berkeley, CA 94703): This is a networking zine for mail artists. Plenty of contacts for both individual mail artists and organized shows. I'm not sure I completely understand how mail art shows work, but I think they all get together and mail stuff to somebody who displays it and then records the results somehow. Hey, don't ask me -- write to these guys instead.

EER MEET #3 (37¢ or stamps (Canuck-type) from Trent Radio, Trent University, Peterborough, Ont K9J 7B8 CANADA): Cassette reviews backed by oddball collages. These are all tapes that have been played on Trent Radio and come with honest appraisals. More valuable than the ordinary cassette review because they're sure to include addresses for all the tapes they mention.

ELITIST ENNUI #30 (SASE from Alex McKale, 812 Clark St. #2B, Evanston, IL 60201): A collection of clippings and anecdotes on the things that interest Alex -- physics and sex are the only two things that appear in every issue. The decline and fall of the American legal system and the best in mysteries have also been featured. Lately Alex seems to be moving towards a more serious discussion of how to change society, but he might never get to it. A surprise a month.

EMPTIES 6 (The Usual from Martin Tudor, 845 Alum Rock Road, Ward End, Birmingham, B8 2AG, ENGLAND): This is a real sfzine: mimeographed rather than xeroxed and full of arcana that few understand and fewer still will explain to the outsider. An issue between issues, #6 consists of a few pages of killer fanzine reviews followed by many pages of locs, and then a few con reports to tie the whole thing up. Hot topics include the difference between fen and stamp collectors and the three most common lies.

EMANCIPATION 61 (\$5/year from AAA, Box 840, Washington, DC 20044): This is one of the longest-running anarchist periodicals around and they manage to be fairly interesting. They've taken a lot of flak for being stuck back around the Spanish Civil War, so recent issues have had an increased emphasis on more modern happenings: this one is almost completely devoted to an anarchist view on Nicaragua and an analysis of "Green Politics" and whether it can work in this country.

END TIMES #6 (99¢ from 3645 28th St. SE Dept. 184, Grand Rapids, MI 49506): An excellent pfanzone with a novel idea: they concentrate on the people in alternative music more than most zines. This issue features two particularly engrossing interviews with a pair of pfandom's greatest artists: John Crawford and John Sevcik. They also talk to the members of the band Samhain (who are more occult than neopagan) and review a batch of records in terms that will probably get them taken off the producers' mailing lists.

FALSE POSITIVE #3 (\$3 from Donna Kossy, 55 Sutter St. #487, San Francisco, CA 94104): This is sort of a networking posterist project, a collection of things that were or might have been found on telephone poles and streetlights around town. This is the "Japan" issue, and it opens with a stunning color xerox cover followed by a few pages of 'kooks' and then the Japanese stuff. The Japanese penguins are quite bizarre as is the "Cosmic Awareness" stuff that shows a robot Jimmy Carter rotting away.

THE FAMILIST Vol. 4 #2 (on request from 5324 Sun Valley Dr., El Paso, TX 79924): The Familist Movement is composed of "Children's Rights advocates who recognize Familism as a lifestyle, designed by Nature to foster the self sufficiency and independence of children." I have my doubts about their Natural Rights theory, and their faith that the family is not just another oppressive institution, but on the other hand they're trying to push things in the direction of a system where authority is concentrated in smaller units. I see this as a step in the right direction.

FANTASY & TERROR 5 (\$2.25 from Richard H. Fawcett, 61 Teeconwas Dr., Juncasville, CT 06382): This one is a mixed bag of poems and short-short stories. Some of the writings are new but most are reprints of long-forgotten works by minor or foreign authors. The tone runs from light and airy fantasy to completely nauseating Lovecraftian terror, with lots of stops in between. My favorite is "Horrors of the Anti-World", by Bruce Boston.

FEMZINE #2 (Send IRCs to Dena, 4 Morna Road, Camberwell, London SE5 ENGLAND): A British pfanzone focusing mainly on women in new music but with coverage of and for the guys as well. Most of the zine consists of long chatty interviews in tiny print, but the repro is great and there are plenty of photos to break up the text. I hadn't heard of any of these bands, but the interviews are well enough done that I feel like I'd know them if I heard their music now.

FFANZEEN No. 13 (\$1 from PO Box 109, Parkville Sta., Brooklyn, NY 11204-0109): A great big tabloid pfanzone that combines articles on folks like Gary Glitter and The Monkees with extensive reviews of new music and video. Incredibly enough, it works. The record reviews look sort of strange in impeccable typesetting -- punk is supposed to look cruddy -- and make a nice break between the longer articles.

FIFTH ESTATE Winter 1985 (\$5/year from PO Box 02548, Detroit, MI 48202): An anarchist tabloid that's been around for a while. Their Bhopal article points out that toxic waste is not a new problem confined to foreign countries full of poor people and the letter column is filled with spirited debate on the problems of TV and the worth of religion. The only drawback: you have to think if you're going to read FE.

FINAL WARNING EXTRA #5 (50¢ (?) from PO Box 210208, San Francisco, CA 94121): More posterist collections, or perhaps this is a mail art network in disguise. I'm not sure where the dividing line is. Anyway, we've got 8 pages of xerox art here, ranging from pointedly anti-religious to pointedly pointless. I like the moles in trench coats.

FLATLANDS and PRIME EVIL (50¢ each from Bill Fugate, 1685 Ashland Ave., St. Paul, MN 55104): A pair of minicomics from one of the Twin Cities. Flatlands features one of those motorists who squashes all the critters he can catch, and Prime Evil is a wonderfully surreal account of a day in the life of a dinosaur cop. Very well done and well-produced without pretending to be more than just a few moments entertainment.

FERRET #6 (60¢ from David Roth, 2521 Irving S., Minneapolis, MN 55405): This is a minicomic featuring one of the most disgusting lead characters I've ever met. Ferret gets deported by the INS, thrown out of his house for ripping the tag off a mattress, and roasted on a spit by some thugs. The art is primitive, but they said that about Grandma Moses too.

FLIPSIDE 45 (\$1 from PO Box 363, Whittier, CA 90608): 72 pages of high-energy fine print packed into one pfanzone. There's too much here to describe, so let me just pick out a few highlights. The letter column is extensive and interesting, the pfanzone listings put mine to shame (at least in sheer numbers) and the photos are well reproduced so you can actually tell what band members look like (as if you wanted to). A great place to find wierd band names too.

4-PLAY #18 (\$2.50/6 issues from M. Cafagna, 327 Hillcrest #8, East Lansing, MI 48823): I'm not sure what to call this one, as it doesn't really have a focus unless it's "Quick, fill up the pages". A batch of movie reviews, some record reviews, one or two stories about live performances, some letters, a True Police story, and a bunch of manic graphics are shoehorned into this little mag. Maybe this is the only thing one can do in East Lansing. The cop story at least will warm the cockles of anti-authoritarians.

THE FREE PHILOSOPHER QUARTERLY Vol. 2 #4 (\$4 from PO Box 6145, Bellevue, WA 98008): FPQ seeks to expound libertarian ideas in somewhat more coherent and academic a form than one finds elsewhere. Topics in this issue include How to finance government without taxes; Jim Downard's ongoing attempt to synthesize the ideas of Ayn Rand and Robert Nozick; and a review of the current crop of New Physics books. The writing is for the most part quite clear if one is willing to take the time to understand the terms.

FREE VERMONT Vol. IV #1 (\$5/year from Ed McGuire, 18 Brisson Ct., Winooski, VT 05404): The bimonthly journal of the Libertarian Party of Vermont. Most of the paper is devoted to Vermont state politics or to Libertarian "solutions" that involve less government (but never no government!) If you're feeling soft on anarchism, this might be a hesitant first step in the right direction, but other than that, I don't recommend it. (Free to Vermont residents, by the way).

FREEPERSON NETWORK NEWS Vol. 1 #1 (SASE from Dagny Sharon, PO Box 224, Long Beach, CA 90801): This is an introduction to "Project Freenetwork", another attempt to draw anarcho-capitalists together in some sort of umbrella organization from which they can go off and do their own thing free of the state. It's too soon to say whether they'll have any success, but at the moment their statements seem both vague and overly structured to me. More literature is also available if you get interested, so write for this intro sheet.

FREFANZINE 52 (\$1 from Mike Gunderloy, 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155): Yup, I'm running Fref, which is an apa for anarchists, libertarians, left communists and other political wierdos. The emphasis in Frefanzine is on responding to other members and contributing one's own thoughts; we discourage subscribers by making them pay more than folks who write and contribute. The price above is for a sample copy; after that, it's pay as you go.

THE FRONT PAGE #4 (25¢ or one stamp from PO Box 111, Lawrence, KS 66044): The Lawrence area is another one which seems to emit strange zines on a regular basis. This is a 4-page xerox pfanzone that's really pretty good. It's just about entirely record reviews rather than comments on live bands; I expect most bands can't even find Kansas, let alone play there. The comments seem to make sense to me: "quite fine, naughty sounding, Texas slimy blooz rock" (Poison 13) is a good example.

FUDGONG FUNNIES #1 (\$1/2 issues from John P. Morgan, PO Box 78, Keansburg, NJ 07734): This is one of the essential minicomics for any collection. Morgan has a pen technique and sense of humor that remind me favorably of early Kliban, before the latter became obsessed with cute cats. "Rice Curspies" and "Vork the Mighty after he just got up" are my personal favorite panels.

FUNGI #5 (\$2.50 from PO Box 8044, Lowell, MA 01853): "The literary magazine of fantasy & the supernatural", this one has more criticism than stories in it. Well, really, it's about an even split, but the criticism sticks with me more: an examination of the divine in the works of CS Lewis, Olaf Stapledon, and ER Eddison. The fiction in the as mostly uninspired mood pieces, but one story -- "Stream of Subconsciousness" -- was actually fairly effective.

F.U.T.U.R.E. Newsletter Vol. 1 #5 (\$1.50 from PO Box 228, Butte, ND 58723): That stands for "Forming Unity Toward Ultimate Regenerative Evolution", which is a fair example of the writing in this zine. A potpourri of dubious metaphysics and silly physics, the only parts of this that I find worthwhile are the extensive calendar of events and the occasional spiritual or practical article -- for example, the hints on how to cope with childhood obesity, which do seem to be useful. I think that much of the zine is however a classic example of New Age Gullibility.

THE GENTLE ANARCHIST Vol. 2 #1 (Contribution from PO Box 1313, Lawrence, KS 66044-8313): Another zine with the idea that anarchy involves opposition to capitalism and the state without violence. I don't agree 100% with their goal but their methods are certainly among the best: education and explanations. Who knows, they might even convert me some day. A welcome relief from the pubs by bomb-throwing loonies.

THE GEORGIA LIBERTARIAN Vol. 13 #1 (\$1 (?) from PO Box 1349, Cartersville, GA 30120): Official newsletter of the Georgia Libertarian Party. They serve as a clearing house for info on anti-governmental activities in the state, both on behalf of the LP and organized by other groups. I note that their idea of activism seems mostly to be doing donkey-work for The Party, but you can always ignore those bits.

THE GNU'S LETTER #10 (SASE from Chip Lavin, PO Box 242, E. Walpole, MA 02032): A small and friendly neopagan newsletter. Rituals and contacts with other crazy discordians and neopagans are the main features of TGL, but I gather Chip is planning changes for the future: first a retrospective of the best of the first 13 issues, and then a new publication. Write to him for more details.

GONE! April 1985 (SASE from Denver Tucson, 2491 Ellsworth #21, Berkeley, CA 94704): A spinoff from the Monthly...Bulletin publishing empire, this is "the real travel zine". Remember the old travel shows on TV that were like watching somebody's slides? Well, this is like reading somebody's slides. It's completely reader-written, so Denver only pubs when somebody has gone somewhere and written about it.

HAMSTERAMA #9 (SASE from 993 Short St., Pacific Grove, CA 93950): A combination pfanzine and skate zine (as in skateboards). It seems a lot of people are into both so it's a natural combination. More lyrics (or are they poems?) and less interviews than most zines. The best part of this issue is the record reviews, done in innovative fashion by just having the editors talk about them all into a tape recorder & later transcribe the results. It worked.

HARVEST Vol. 5 #5 (\$10/year from PO Box 228, S. Framingham, MA 01701): A dependable & interesting neopagan zine. Harvest covers a wide variety of systems and has stuff for both experienced pagans and newcomers. Reviews of books you might not notice otherwise, a pagan "Child Blessing" ritual, Tarot analysis and ideas on the effective use of music are featured in this issue. Also has an extensive contact column with addresses of pagans looking for fellow believers.

HEARTHSONG CATALOG (Free from 2211 Blucher Valley Rd., Sebastopol, CA 95472): This is a catalog of simple stuff for families with kids. Much of it I haven't seen elsewhere: modelling beeswax in colors, virgin fleece, and wooden handcrafted music boxes, as well as the more usual wooden blocks and chalk. They also offer a selection of books on and for kids. The prices seem high to me, but as I recall the prices of kid's toys in the toy store were astronomical the last time I looked. If I had kids I'd probably be buying here.

HERETIC'S JOURNAL BULLETIN #1 (Free from PO Box 12347, Seattle, WA 98111): News stories and ideas from two different points of view: those that show the world going to hell in a handbasket, and those that show a lot of hopeful technologies and techniques rising to make us happy. HJB is trying to encourage the latter before the former make it too late. The editor is also starting what is essentially an apa to discuss the same topics; write him (Ron Heresey) for more details.

HIMALAYAN NEWS March/April 1985 (Free from RD 1, Box 88, Honesdale, PA 18431): This is outreach from a particular yogic group, devoted to getting you to give them money in exchange for classes. The classes might be good but I certainly can't afford to find out: I get it for the philosophical articles and the vegetarian recipes.

HOMESTEADERS NEWS #45 (\$2 from PO Box 517, Naples, NY 14512): The magazine to get if you're interested in moving to a farm for a simpler life. Factory farming techniques will do you no good; Sherrie & Norm's wealth of practical experience will. Request this particular issue for your sample: it has details on their "Four Season Gardening" method that provides them vegetables year-round even in upstate New York! HN also sponsors annual "Good Life Get-Togethers" where you can see this stuff in action: The next one is July 19-21 this year.

HOW TO FOLD, SPINDLE, STAPLE AND MUTILATE THE SYSTEM (\$1 (?) from Joe Wetmore, Box 381, E. Lansing, MI 48823): This is a compendium of information that you could buy from Loompanics for only ten times as much cash. Covers things like stealing mail bags from the PO, ripping off mail-order companies, ruining UPC codes, and the like. They call it anarchy. I call it puerile. If you're going to fuck with the system and hassle other people, why not do something significant like blow up a power station instead of a pay toilet?

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY Vol. 16 #3 (\$8/year from SIL, PO Box 338, Warminster, PA 18974): One of the longest-running libertarian newszines. Lately they seem to be carrying less thoughtful articles and movement news and more bits of amusing/disgusting government antics. The latter are fine, but they're not what I look to IL for; indeed, Southern Libertarian Messenger is already covering that part of the field, and doing it better. Still, the SIL remains a meeting point for libertarians of nearly all stripes and spread the news they're given without prejudice against one group or another.

INSIDE JOKE 37 (\$1 from Elayne Wechsler, PO Box 1609, Madison Sq. Sta., New York, NY 10159): 24 pages of stories, poems, and artwork, IJ features a mixed bag of brilliant writers and boring goons. Fortunately the former much outnumber the latter. Anni Ackner and Candi Strecker write wonderful regular columns, and there are always a couple of funny stories. The non-funny stories get ripped up in the next issue's letter column, as a general rule: mine have been the victim of this process more than once. Definitely value for the money.

INSTEAD OF A MAGAZINE #35 (\$6.50/5 issues from PO Box 433, Willimantic, CT 06226): Individualist anarchism in the tradition of Lysander Spooner, from whom they quote occasionally (if you haven't read his NO TREASON you should). Discussion topics include Taoism, prisoners rights, punk musio, and topless dancing. These folks come over as more concerned with people than politics, which strikes me as a very healthy attitude.

INTERGALACTIC TRADING COMPANY CATALOG (Free from PO Box 1516, Longwood, FL 32750): Star Trek trading cards, Dr. Who patches, DUNE posters, Star Wars bubblegum cards, life-size Leonard Nimoy posters -- I think you get the picture. No doubt there are people who cream in their jeans over this stuff, but to tell you the truth, I'm not really interested in Battlestar Galactica lapel insignia.

INTERNATIONAL GRAFFITI TIMES (\$2 (checks to "CASH") from PO Box 299, Prince St. Station, New York, NY 10012): Mainly 2-color repros of the famous New York Artistic Graffiti. Interspersed with occasional zine reviews and local scene news. Occasional international & historical coverage: this issue, a Russian train from the Third International (1919) covered with heroic paintings.

JAG Vol. 23 #4 (Free from RS Jaggard, MD, 10 E. Charles, Oelwein, IA 50662): This is one man's fight to end what he views as immoral robbery: income taxation. Over the years Jag has put over \$30,000 into spreading his message to all who will listen. Currently he's pushing for the Liberty Amendment, which would repeal the Income Tax and has already been ratified in about nine states. These leaflets are a well-designed effort to bring the ideals of liberty on to the open market.

JERSEY BEAT #19 (75¢ from 418 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, NJ 07087): Just what it says, a pfanzine dealing with goings-on in New Jersey and environs. Plenty of information on the live shows (I'll bet you didn't know they had live shows in Jersey!) and lots of record and tape reviews. The magazine staff is also involved in actually setting up gigs, so they presumably know what they're talking about when they do review live music.

JET LAG #53 (\$1 from 8419 Halls Ferry Rd., St. Louis, MO 63147): About 50% articles on bands and 50% record reviews. Music covered has a wide range: Wendy O. Williams, Mitch Ryder, The Replacements and White Suburban Youth are all in this issue. The record reviews are longer than most -- 4 or 5 paragraphs isn't unusual -- and do a good job of placing the music in perspective. JL also keeps track of the St. Louis club scene.

KICK IT OVER #11 (\$1.50 from PO Box 5811, Stn. A; Toronto, Ont. M5W 1P2 CANADA): An anarchist tabloid that's heavy on things like animal rights, feminism, and the continued harassment of Canadian anarchists by the government. Notable for printing plenty of letters that disagree with published stands and even occasionally admitting that they were wrong, something very rare in anarchist circles. It feels like they concentrate more on problems than solutions, but then, life has been rough for Toronto anarchists lately.

KIDS LIB NOW (\$2.88 from Mycall Sunanda, 90 Thornton Ln. #1, Cottage Grove, OR 97424): Sunanda is a Fuller-type generalist, churning out ideas and pamphlets at a stunning rate without ever getting the thoughts really organized. One of the big thrusts of his work is the idea that children are much more capable than we give them credit for, and this 72-page pamphlet is a good place to start with that idea. A skeleton of ideas for kids and their families that needs to be fleshed out to be of any use but ought to at least serve as sort of subconscious cue cards to get your own mind working.

LA CROSSE TIME TRIP 1885/1935 (\$1 each from PO Box 2372, La Crosse, WI 54601): This is an intriguing and original idea. Doug Connell has compiled two booklets about his home town 50 and 100 years ago. Each one contains summaries of newspaper stories and facts culled from the city directory and other sources. The total effect is to paint a rather complete picture of the times -- or at least the parts of them that were considered worth putting in the papers. It would be interesting to see this done for other times and places.

LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS CATALOG (Free from 532 Broadway, 7th Fl., New York, NY 10012): As far as I know, LFB is the largest supplier of libertarian literature in the country. They stock an amazing variety of items, from brand new books back to classics by HL Mencken. If I had it, I could spend hundreds of dollars here -- which is of course precisely what these entrepreneurs want me to do.

THE LETTER EXCHANGE #5 (\$2 from PO Box 6218, Albany, CA 94706): This is for the proud few to whom letter-writing is not a lost art. Contains a selection of thoughts on the art of writing letters, among ads from other readers seeking more correspondents. The people I've contacted through the Letter Exchange have been a wonderful bunch; their chief fault is one I share, that of getting involved in too many things at once and taking forever to write back in some (but not all by any means) cases.

LEVEL 7 (\$5 from PO Box 50164, Indianapolis, IN 46256): The quintessential MAN. Nifty stuff from all over: postcards, drawings, collage, used bingo cards, computer-drawn comics and a couple of entire fanzines. You can join by sending 150 copies for the next issue in lieu of sending money. Even the file folder is artistic.

LIBERTARIAN LIBRARY (PO Box 24269, Denver, CO 80224): These folks are organizing a through-the-mails lending library with lots of pro-freedom books available for a nominal weekly rental. For you it's cheaper than buying, for them it's entrepreneurship in action. Send an SASE for more info.

LINES OF OCCURENCE 9 (\$1 from Arthur D. Hlavaty, 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham, NC 27701): Arthur puts this one out whenever he feels like it. In this case, it's a report on the Annual International Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts. If you already know and like Arthur's writing, I'm sure you'll enjoy this; otherwise, start with the Dillinger Relic and then check out the other stuff.

LITTLE FREE PRESS #49 (Free from Route #2, Box 136A, Cushing, MN 56443): This is another idealistic publication that wants to do away with the evils of commerce by doing away with money. It preaches a return to a simpler life of free sharing and less dependence on technology. I don't know if he's made any converts, but Ernest Mann has been putting out these things for years. I hope he's at least made some people think.

LIVING IN FEAR #7 (\$1 from 121 Church St., Cola, SC 29201): A pfanzine of mostly poetry. There are also a couple of articles: one on the "punk aesthetic" and one on avoiding Christian evangelists. Alas, much of the print has been reduced too far to read -- I trust they have learned their lesson and the next issue will be better. The poetry is mainly antu-system and backed up by angst-ridden graphics.

LIVING FREE #29 (\$1.25 from Jim Stumm, PO Box 29, Hiler Branch, Buffalo, NY 14223): Jim is interested in freeing oneself by learning to live without the system. Living on the ocean, building your own home, and going vonu are some of the topics discussed, along with miscellaneous hints on self-sufficiency. Over the years a fairly large literature has been built up on this subject; I think we're all waiting for some of it to be put into action now.

THE LOG CABIN #75 (\$1 from George Roberts, Rt. 1 Box 419, Fin-castle, VA 24090): The publication of MENSA's Back-To-The-Land special interest group (SIG), this one is written by new farmers for new farmers and those who hope to get to the country soon. No notes on hotrodding your car or putting in a new hot tub here; look for gardening hints, land prices, bug control and cheap cabin insulation instead. Don't worry, they're not stuck up about being MENSAns, and membership is open to non-members of MENSA.

MAKA DUDI, KSC (SASE to 5511 Blue Bluff Rd., Austin, TX 78724): A true-blue SubGenius posterist. I've got here a sample of stuff "meant to be stuck on telephone poles, just to baffle the general public", in the words of the artist. And baffle they will. A variety of technological images and so forth with "Bob"'s grinning visage somewhere on every page. Much cleaner and better done than the average mail art or posterist stuff.

MALLIFE 7 (\$1.97 from PO Box 1393, Tempe, AZ 85281): Mail art with a theme, and that theme is shopping malls. (Well, they're part of our heritage now -- someone might as well do a magazine about them. Lots of art with themes poking fun at consumerism, some written pieces including a psychological analysis of supermarkets and all around lunacy. Very well packaged -- look for it in your local K-Mart, but if you don't find it, send money directly at once.

THE MEMORY HOLE #5 (Sample \$1 from PO Box 94, Long Beach, CA 90801-0094): This is a "Revisionist History" apa. Basically that means the contributors don't believe most of what they learned in the schools about things like the start of WWII, the wonderfulness of the American government to its citizens in WWI, and so on. Small and growing fast, but definitely not for the easily offended, as some highly charged subjects come up frequently.

NOMOS March/April 1985 (\$3 from 9857 S. Damen, Chicago, IL 60643): "Studies in Spontaneous Order", this magazine keeps abreast of the latest currents in libertarian thought. Their "Connections" section is sort of the READER'S DIGEST of the movement. In addition, they feature major articles examining the basis for libertarian theory and ideas on how to implement that theory in today's society.

NOT AGAIN GRAPHICS (SASE from 7000 Lincoln Dr. A3, Philadelphia, PA 19119): These people are producers of a line of very interesting New Wave (or is it No Wave?) postcards. Check out the "DADA Food Market", the vibrant "Nuclear Family" or the curious collage "When Strangers Collide" at prices of only 50¢ each (plus 50¢ p&h each order). Quantity discounts available.

NOT AVAILABLE COMICS (SASE for catalog from Matt Feazell, Box 5803, Raleigh, NC 27650): Matt produces a line of consistently excellent minicomics with a highly polished minimalist art style. Just out are Cute Girl #22 (50¢) and ANTISOCIALMAN ANNUAL #1 (\$1), the latter a very entertaining and extensive collection of works featuring the nastiest superhero to come down the pike in a long time.

N.O.T.-S.A.F.E. (SASE from PO Box 5743, Montecito, CA 93150): The "World's Most Sarcastic Organization" has a new batch of press releases out with more ideas for government intrusion into our lives. He puts forth proposals for enforcing animal rights down to the level of bugs, random stress tests for motorists, and the outlawing of all driving during peak accident periods such as the Christmas holidays.

THE NOTEBOOK (35¢ from PO Box 10007, Rochester, NY 14610): This is the "Best of 1984" issue of this pfanine, and as such is largely filled by staff members lists of what was best: music, books, concerts, movies. There's an interview with a local artist, a rundown of the Rochester live music scene, and articles tracing the influence of artists like Lou Reed and Mitch Easter on current music.

NOW! #3 (50¢ from PO Box 436, New Philadelphia, OH 44663): This is a preliminary sample issue of a new project from the crew who used to bring out TESTUBE magazine. It's going to be a tabloid dedicated to providing an independent forum for artists in Ohio working in all media. In the future they plan special cassette and perhaps even video editions of the magazine.

OBJEKT #17 (Send stamps to PO Box 967, Eureka, CA 95502): Nice little pfanine with a good mix of text and graphics. Consists almost entirely of reviews of new tapes and records, together with some commentary on problems in the local live music scene.

ODIS (\$3/2 issues from Paul Vandrick, 524 Columbus #26, San Francisco CA 94418): Sort of a literary zine without pretensions. Lead article is on the new TV discovery Dr. Gene Scott. Then comes a story/interview about a couple of local winos and a strange bit of fiction (?) about a UFO contact. Scattered throughout are bits of a psychotic editorial.

ONOMA 2 (The Usual from 92, Rue de l'Arbre Saint-Roch, B-4480, Oupeye BELGIUM): Apparently an attempt at an independent invention of the sfzine genre. Comments on the first issue, an article on Belgian beers, book review of Heinlein's FRIDAY and a con-report along with lots of other things. Doesn't seem to have any overall character; these articles might have come from ten different zines just as easily.

OPTION A2 (\$2.50 from Sonic Options Network, PO Box 491034, Los Angeles, CA 90049): There used to be a magazine called OP that covered hundreds of obscure musical releases in alphabetical order. Then it died, and now there are imitators. Option is one of them. 72 pages of mostly groups starting with A, ranging from punk to experimental to artbands and other stuff. Exhaustive & exhausting to read.

PC NEWSLETTER 5 (\$5/6 issues from Pollution Control, 1725 E. 115th St., Cleveland, OH 44106): These people provide a link between new musicians and indie radio stations by distributing records & reporting on airplay. Musicians, check this out for your promos. For the public, there are music & zine reviews, and an ongoing discussion of the major music royalty organizations (ASCAP/BMI) and their drawbacks.

PHALLOS 4/85 (\$5/year from St. Priapus Church, 583 Grove St., San Francisco, CA 94102): The, er, organ of a church devoted to helping out in the gay community with food, shelter, counseling and more. Of late their concerns in the magazine have been expanding: now circumcision and the nut literature against masturbation that started the national circumcision trend are major stories for them.

PHIZ #12 (\$1 or the usual from Typo Press, 2230 Huron Dr., Concord, CA 94519): A fairly typical sfanzine ranging over a variety of topics with comments from fandom at large. Articles cover cheap eats in the Bay Area, the history of model trains, and the story of the Popeye cartoons. Contacts for a handful of other whimsical zines included.

THE PLAGUE #3 (\$1 from 1173 Ferry St., Eugene, OR 97401): A small xerox mail-art network. Drawings, collage and silly text. The copier was in excellent condition, giving this a much starker black-and-white contrast than one usually sees in low-budget pubs. Remember, a MAN is what you make of it; if you're not satisfied with this, send him something better for #4.

POLITICAL IMMUNIZATION TECHNIQUES (\$1 from Netherlands Studios, 5459 Lawton Ave., Oakland, CA 94618): More mail art from the nuttiest area in the country. I think they're trying to say something about the preponderance of violent imagery in art, but it's damned hard to tell, because the method of presentation involves overlaying and surrounding the text with hundreds of snippets of random noise from other media. Why they hide their message I don't know.

POPULAR REALITY #6 (\$2/6 issues from PO Box 1593, Kalamazoo, MI 49005): 8-page tabloid of a generally anti-authoritarian bent. Leaping headlong into the fray surrounding PROCESSED WORLD. Besides that this one has an article on the now-past Day of No Business as Usual and a chronology of American involvement in Central America.

POSTWAR Jan. 1985 (\$1 from PO Box 6613, Fullerton, CA 92631): An anarchy and pfanzine. Consists of a lot of short bits of thought on things like the Reagan idiocies and the basis of fear, some notes on the Orange County music scene, and a good set of background graphics. I don't know if they're heading in any partiular direction, but they seem to be enjoying the journey.

THE PRAGMATIST Vol. 2 #3 (\$2 from PO Box 392, Forest Grove, PA 18922): "A Utilitarian Approach" to liberty is taken here, by people who have concluded (correctly, in my opinion) that the Libertarian Party has not advanced the cause of liberty. Hopefully the Pragmatist will put forth viable alternative strategies to just imitating the Demopublicans. This issue is somewhat harmed by an extensive bit of silliness purporting to be in favor of nuclear war.

PRIMITIVE NOISE #11 (45¢ from 104 Greenbriar Ct., E. Peoria, IL 61611): "Hardcore" punk from Peoria", this zine is as visually polished as hardcore is audibly polished. Interviews with a few local bands and a few record reviews in an incredible eyestrain layout. Worth the price.

PROCESSED WORLD 12 (\$1.50 from 55 Sutter St. #829, San Francisco, CA 94104): The Marxist thugs who've been trying to suppress free speech in anarchy-land. I don't think much of their zine either. Technology is bad for people now, it can be good in the future, therefore we should break it all now. Huh? There is good work being done on how to humanize technology, but it ain't here. For dupes who get off on Loompanics "How to Kill" and similar books.

PROJECT DOWBET (\$2 from John Bridgman, 4306 Grimes Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55424): This is a transcription of a speech by the author proposing a new form of government-run lottery: parimutuel betting on the Dow-Jones average. I think it's a great idea, but I don't think governments should be getting the rakeoff. Still, it might help interest the average schmo in the economy, and who knows what might come of that?

PUBLIC FUNKY Vol. 1 #1 (\$1.25 from Edward Marshall, 240 N. Oak St., Statesville, NC 28677): A pfanzine featuring some skate stuff, coverage of the NC live scene, and a nice picture of a couple of cows. I'd never heard of any of the bands they interviewed but what do I know? I'll never Repute could be the next big thing and I'd look pretty silly.

PV NETWORK NEWS Feb. 1985 (\$15/year from Rt. 2 Box 274, Santa Fe, NM 87501): If you're thinking of putting in solar photovoltaic power, you can either go talk to a dealer or join the PV network. I'm going to do the latter when we get a place of our own. Each issue contains tons of info on 12-volt electrical systems and appliances, meters, books and other resources. Members are also eligible to buy PV merchandise at wholesale prices via special "bulk buys".

R.A.D. #28 (50¢ from PO Box 867, Morro Bay, CA 93442): A pfanzine with a few concerns other than the usual bands & records: for one thing they're right close to the Diablo Canyon nuke plant, and they print the latest news on that. For another, they've thrown in filler like stick-figure sex cartoons and a bunch of ghost jokes. Other than their filler, there's nothing to make them stand out of the pack.

RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS Vol. 77 #3 (\$1.50 from PO Box 713, Oceanside CA 92054-0112): A Rosicrucian journal but not from the bunch who advertise in OMNI all the time. Lots of mystical stuff, a bit of astrology, and a fair amount of Christianity in this fifty-pager which must cost them more to print than they're selling it for. They also sell books like THE DEEPER TRUTHS OF SHAKESPEARE".

REALITIES 3 (\$5/12 issues from 2745 Monterey Hwy. #76, San Jose, CA 95111-3129): A big sheet of paper covered with itty-bitty poems, this time featuring the works of John M. Bennett. Bennett's stuff doesn't do much for me, but Alan Catlin's "Spider Man in The Penal Colony" and Joe Smith's "Goldilocks" are pretty good. It's amazing how many poets refuse to capitalize their names.

REMEMBER THAT SONG Vol. 4 #10 (\$14/year from Lois A. Cordrey, 5623 N. 64th Ave., Glendale, AZ 85301): This is the newsletter of a group of sheet music collectors -- the price includes a membership. Features lots of pictures of old sheet music and ads from people trying to buy, sell, or swap. A hobby I never even knew existed.

ROLLMAG #7 (\$6/6 issues from Kenneth Maue, PO Box 5001, Mill Valley, CA 94942): Robert Anton Wilson has written much of a book (RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE SITTING NOW) by shuffling together bits of text and retyping them in a random order. I suspect this entire fanzine was created in the same way. One paragraph fine; one page, maybe; but the whole thing? If I wanted to be this confused I'd read the Boston HERALD.

THE RUNESTONE #51 (\$7/year from Asatru Free Assembly, PO Box 1754, Breckenridge, TX 76024): A specialized neopagan zine for Odinists and others interested in the Old Norse pantheon. Contains poetry, ritual, lots of thoughts on living according to these old ideals in today's world, and news on upcoming activities of the AFA.

SCAVENGER'S NEWSLETTER #13 (60¢ from Janet Fox, 519 Ellinwood, Osage City, KS 66523): This zine is aimed at the writer rather than the reader. It's a listing of places currently buying or publishing poems, stories and articles, together with an indication of what they're looking for. Sort of a Writer's Market for Small Presses.

SHAVERTRON 22 (\$9/year from Rich Toronto, PO Box 248, Vallejo, CA 94590): Richard Shaver was an SF writer who spawned a great network of folks interested in the outre and inexplicable. This zine carries on his work, keeping track of mysterious underground findings, suppressed electrogravitic research, and non-standard theories of gravity. This issue contains an excellent interview with another delver into oddball things, John Keel (who now pubs BIG APPLE NEWS). Recommended.

SHOOT #9 (\$1 (?) from Carol A. Schneck, PO Box 101, East Lansing, MI 48823): "More art and more stuff", it says here, and that's a fair description. This borders on being a pfanzine but isn't by virtue of its diversity. Stories of harassment of young punks by their teachers (great the way our school system teaches tolerance), little angry drawings (some of which didn't come out very well), and an illustrated guide to prostate massage. And I almost forgot the body hair survey!

SHUT UP! COMICS #3 (SASE from PO Box 31925, Seattle, WA 98103): Disgusting satirical comics that have gotten themselves thrown out of a local deli. I think there are more comic artists in the Pacific Northwest than anywhere else 'cause it's always raining and no one can go out of the house. Anyhow, some of these are good and some are stupid, but at least the ideas behind them are better than the "Let's laugh at people" stuff you find in some underground comics.

SIC BUISCUIT DISINTEGRAT 6 (1 IRC from Dave Rowley & Joy Hibbert, 11 Rutland St., Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire, ST1 5JG ENGLAND): Sorry, guys, after the address there's no room for a review. Well, really, this is one of the British sfanzines. Britzines these days concentrate on well-written accounts of any old thing from mowing lawns to fixing cars, not unlike American zines of years past. Dave & Joy have a lot of readers who write them reams of comments on articles, which means they can just print locs if they want -- but they do come up with new material every time. A good, solid sfanzine.

SIPAPU #30 (\$4 from Rte. 1, Box 216, Winters, CA 95694): Well, this is the competition, so I suppose I should give them a lousy review, but the truth is, I like Sipapu (except for the title). It's a twice-yearly newsletter aimed at librarians and concentrating on the small press scene; however, their small presses are bigger and skewed more towards the literary than mine, so we're not really in the same market. I'd say sipapu would be of interest to anyone looking for more literary mags, either as outlets or just to read.

SLEAZOID EXPRESS (\$8/year from Bill Landis, PO Box 799, Peter Stuyvesant Sta., New York, NY 10009): A horror and exploitation flick zine that has widened its focus to include horrible and exploited people. Not just another set of reviews of gory movies but rather an integration of gory movies with their surroundings, the bums and dealers on 14th St. and the low-budget clubs and bars. I wouldn't be caught dead in these places...or get out alive, so it's just as well Bill is doing the reporting.

SMILE 7 or so (IRCs from Monty Cantsin, 31 Norfolk Farm Rd., Pyrford, Woking, Surrey, GU22 8LH ENGLAND): Anti-official organ of the Neoist Cultural Conspiracy, dedicated to making art more democratic by making everyone an artist. This issue includes details of the Monty Cantsin designer clothes line, plans for the next SMILE to be pubbed by a different Monty Cantsin in Baltimore, and a few bits and pieces of Neoist manifestos.

THE SOCIALIST REPUBLIC #26 (75¢ from Industrial Union Party, PO Box 80, New York, NY 10159): A DeLeonist periodical that wants to organize us all so we can stop being wage slaves. Lots of attacks on the current system but not too much analysis on how to change it or what will replace it. It's tough to come up with a synthesis of new ideas, but I look for more than "Capitalism Sucks" as the base for a political theory.

SOUND CHOICE #1 (\$2.50 from PO Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023): Another successor to OP (see review of OPTION), these folks have chosen to break out of the alphabetical straightjacket and review bizarre music from all folks at once. Lots and lots of contact addresses here, for music, zines, radio stations, and other stuff. Contains an interview with the guy who started this whole thing by founding OP.

SOUTHERN LIBERTARIAN MESSENGER Vol. XIII #9 (\$5/year from Rt. 10 Box 52A, Florence, SC 29501): Chiefly composed of clippings documenting the quick decline of our society. Also contains articles of interest to those watching the world go to hell: this time there's a list of possible scenarios for future disaster. Their only advice: Be Prepared.

STANM #6 (\$1 from 1700 Alhambra #106, Sacramento, CA 95816): These guys have been around for a year and have clearly discovered one of the basic truths of all zines: they grow without limit if you let them. Lots of interviews and music reviews packed in this little pffanzin and another pair of cows on the cover -- is this some new punk trend? They don't get all hung up on typing and proofreading skills but hey, who's perfect? The energy of the music they like leaps off the page at you.

STRIDER (\$12/year from Lorne Strider, PO Box 554, Laytonville, CA 95454): This is a preliminary sample of another newsletter that's going to show us that 90% of all crap in the world is directly caused by too much government. The first issue discusses the politics of Free Enterprise Zones and then goes off to poke fun at irrational law enforcement. Could turn out to be a real winner, but I think I'll wait for a regular issue to make up my mind.

SURREAL ESTATES #1 (\$1.25 from Revo, PO Box 23061, Knoxville, TN 37933-1061): A new entry in the Discordian zine sweepstakes from an old hand at small newsletters. Full of all sorts of arcana, like a poster suggesting that great fun can be had by calling Falwell's toll-free number and hanging up as many times as possible (800-446-5000). Erisians in particular will be interested in the article on the Emperor Norton, which contains new and interesting information on this great man.

SYNTHESIS #18 (\$3.25/5 issues from League for Ecological Democracy, PO Box 1858, San Pedro, CA 90733): There are a couple of networks trying to organize a US Green Party, and Synthesis has my nod as the place to keep track of the players. They're pushing for a decentralized, communal arrangement, not run by "networking experts" but by the people involved. Before you get involved with any "Greens", contact these people. They've given a lot of thought to living in harmony with nature and have an excellent arsenal of international contacts.

TACTICS OF THE MLL Vol. II #1 (Sample \$1 from Mike Gunderloy, 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155): The Movement of the Libertarian Left is a small and scattered network of folks committed to the agorist ideal. I've been buffaloed into taking over as publications coordinator for the moment. Membership is \$25, but for only a buck you can see what we're all about.

TAPROOT #1 (\$2.50 from 3345 Desota #3, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118) First issue consists of poetry, short stories, and collage, but the editor tells me "We are actively seeking submissions in all genres -- anything that can be presented creatively on a 2 dimensional surface". I like Jake Leed's translations from Pang Yun particularly. The free rendering sounds appropriately Oriental and wise.

TAX LOVERS' TRUTH LETTER Vol. 2 #3 (SASE (?) from PO Box 22431, St. Louis, MO 63126): Like most of the Constitutionalist press, these folks are following the case of Tupper Saussy, the latest tax protestor to end up in court, closely. But this publisher says he sees advantages in a prison stay: "At Leavenworth, I dined 21 times a week with bankers, doctors, lawyers, preachers, teachers and merchants FOR FREE!" Where else to make such great contacts with other protestors?

THUNDERBOW 88 (60¢ from Church of Seven Arrows, 4385 Hoyt St. #201, Wheatridge, CO 80033): Neopagan practitioners who have apparently been at it for years and are sharing their skills with others. They offer lots of classes and stuff and are a good source of info on upcoming festivals and the like. They use whatever bits of tradition suit them; you'll run across the I Ching, Astrology, Tarot and lots of other things in T-bow.

TRANET #36 (\$30/year from PO Box 567, Rangely, ME 04970): An international networking organization that emphasizes helping the third world instead of making the first world feel trendy. They publish invaluable directories to practitioners of appropriate technology worldwide, and are active in projects to get the technology to the places where it is needed. One of their big projects is providing a library of carefully selected books to isolated rural communities worldwide.

TRANSNATIONAL PERSPECTIVES Vol. 10 #1 (\$10/year from Case Postale 161, 1211 Geneva 16, SWITZERLAND): Like the rest of us, these people want peace in the world -- but they're trying to do something about it. TP wants to combat the international climate of doom and despair by proposing possible avenues of peaceful negotiation for crisis spots around the world. Their ideas seem fairly rational. Only one question in my mind -- who pays their printing and postage bills?

TROUBLED TIMES #2 (75¢ cash/stamp ONLY from Keith Dabney, 416 1/2 Escalona Dr., Santa Cruz, CA 95060): Another new anarchist zine with an anti-industry/anti-capitalism point of view. This issue is mainly devoted to attacks on rent and on fertilizer. I wonder if they know about Kerry's Permanent Universal Rent Strike plan? And I wonder why they want to deny people the right to manage their own property. Oh, I know, property is evil. Well, I don't buy it but that won't stop me from reading more.

TRULY NEEDY #9 (\$1 from PO Box 50440, Washington, DC 20004-0440): The FLIPSIDE of the East Coast or as they call themselves "The New Rock Yorker". This pfanzone features major articles on folks like Husker Du, Nick Cave and Einsturzende Neubauten, interspersed with the usual slew of record and live show reviews. There are also some very innovative features, including comics reviews and one man's confession that he also listens to AC/DC, Olivia Newton-John, and Kim Carnes. A must for anyone who wants to know what's happening on the Other Coast.

U2 USA #4 (\$3 from Fred Mills, 1211-G Green Oaks Ln., Charlotte, NC 28205): A mammoth pfanzone (40 pages) devoted entirely to the Irish supergroup including photos, interviews, reviews and a discography. This is being produced with the support of U2's record label and contains an amazing amount of detail as well as some inconsequential (to all but rabid fans) trivia. Did you care where their videos were shot? Then this zine is definitely for you.

UNCLE DICK'S #10 (\$1 or the Usual from Richard H.E. Smith II, 2007 W. Howard St. #3D, Evanston, IL 60202-3656): This sfanzine performs a vital function: namely, it passes on rumors and gossip about fen to all who care to listen. Amongst the gossip one can find news, but that's not as fun as the insinuations that the LASFS is absconding with the Worldcon money or the accounts of the power politics surrounding the Wimpy Zone. If you don't know what the hell I'm talking about then you don't want this until you know more about fandom; if you do know, you most likely can't live without this.

THE UNICORN Vol. VIII #5 (\$10/year from The Rowan Tree, PO Box 8814, Minneapolis, MN 55408): A neopagan zine concentrating on the healing arts and particularly the use of herbs (they also run a mail-order herb business; ask for the free pricelist). Mostly contains poetry, ritual, and herbal notes, along with a section of other zines (but why oh why don't they mention prices?). The best thing about this issue is that the Preppy Pagans zomic is back.

UNSPOKEN IMAGES #2 (\$1 (?) from 4885 NW 6th Ct., Plantation, FL 33317): A motley tabloid of poetry (lyrics?), smartass off-the-wall stuff, manic comics, short fiction and snarking at groups like anarchists and new wavers. I wasn't inspired.

UPRIGHT OSTRICH Vol. 4 #4 (\$3 from PO Box 100787, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33310): Another Constitutionalist zine. This one contains info on the manhandling of Tupper Saussy's wife and kids when he was thrown in the slammer for contempt of court. I don't think the IRS ought to be employing Gestapo tactics, but apparently they are. Get the story from one of these pubs and decide for yourself. The Ostrich is also getting into another area now, the mistreatment of the small American farmer. Sometimes they publish far-out stuff like death-ray info, but usually they stick pretty close to consensus reality.

VIEW FROM THE LEDGE 12 (SASE from PO Box 57141, Washington, DC 20037): A collection of stranger-than-fiction truths collected by oddballs all over the country: Baptism drownings, Toilet Paper Festivals, necrophilia, official condemnations to Hell, asinine court decisions and strange police behaviour. Reading this is better than watching LAST DAYS OF POMPEY. Perhaps it's time for a ticket off the planet.

VIRGINIA LIBERTY Vol. 1 #1 (\$10/year from 824 W. Broad St., Richmond, VA 23220-9990): The LP of Virginia's entry into the mini-statist sweepstakes. Evaluation of proposed legislation, requirements to become a candidate for various offices, a suggestion that principles should be revealed only slowly to the general public and the usual plea for funds. I'm always amused by the LP asking folks to sign a loyalty oath when they join, too.

THE VOICE OF ZEWAM 52 (\$3.50/year from PO Box 196, Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522): I'm not sure what to make of this one. It's a sort of surrealist journal loosely revolving around the works of Zewam Amola, a native American writer who maintained a lively correspondence with various movers and shakers until her death in 1957. Music reviews, recipes, bits of drama and who knows what else. Someone please write to them, get this, then write to me and explain it.

THE VOLUNTARYIST #14 (\$15/year from PO Box 5836, Baltimore, MD 21208): The Voluntaryists are a group of libertarian/agorists who are trying to develop a plan for changing society through non-political action. The keystone of their theories is self-ownership; if enough people refuse to be owned by the government, the government will crumble. The problem is finding the vanguard to put themselves at risk in proving this.

MICHAEL VOODOO (SASE to PO Box 57232, Washington, DC 20037): A prolific posterist who decorates his envelopes with the cast-off ads and pictures of our society, Mr. Voodoo sends absurd xerox art to my mailbox weekly or even daily. Most of it makes little or no sense to me, but he's sure keeping xerox in business.

WALLPAPER Vol. 4 #1 (50¢ from PO Box 3324, Trenton, NJ 08619): A literary effort from people who are 90 degrees out of phase with the rest of the world. Evocative poetry and open-ended stories, photos, and sometimes drawings and other stuff. The staff also makes a nifty pinwheel and has put out calenders in the past.

WHICH WAY (Free from RR 1, Box 601-C, Pompano Beach, FL 33067): A neopagan publication full of little idiosyncracies. Straightforward stuff about yoghurt and gardening side-by-side with equally matter of fact articles about astral travel, crystal gazing, and haunted rooms at a local resort. I think this snuck into my mailbag from another reality.

WIGGANSNATCH #14 (\$1 from PO Box 20061, Seattle, WA 98102): A cheerfully irreverent neopagan/Discordian effort. The best part of this issue is the sample cards from the Swine Tarot (used by many Piggans); Other good stuff about magick, ritual, and dreamwork is scattered throughout. Editor Laughing Otter is looking for more writers, so send an SASE for contributors' guidelines if you're interested.

WONDERLAND (\$8/year from David Techter, 2520 N. Lincoln #25-B, Chicago, IL 60614): The newsletter of the Lewis Carroll Collectors Guild, who believe that nudist stuff is Constitutionally protected and wish to exert their right to own photographs of young children. The magazine itself is completely innocuous, featuring only line drawings rather than actual photographs. Much of it is filled with ads from people wishing to trade materials with others sharing their interests.

WORDS AND MUSIC #6 (SASE from WCBN-FM, 530 SAB, Ann Arbor, MI 48109): A zine put out by a college radio station. Most of this issue is taken up with the results of the reader's poll to determine the best everything of '84 -- endless pages of lists. Also sports a bunch of zine and music reviews and of course the radio station playlist.

WORKERS' DEMOCRACY #15 (\$1.25 from PO Box 24115, St. Louis, MO 63130): Labor radicals with a program that's not too grandiose. Though they do spend the required pages on analyzing world problems they also discuss smaller issues, such as particular job actions or the general theory of worker's ownership of the means of production. Lately they've put a lot of time into trying to collect humor from the working class, a pastime of which I heartily approve.

MARK ZIESING BOOKS (PO Box 806, Willimantic, CT 06226): A source for a number of fantasy, horror and SF books. British editions, limited signed editions and other esoterica alongside of regular \$3 paperbacks. Looks like a good bet for collectors and people loaded with dough. Hey, there are some things I'd buy the British edition of if I could afford it.

MICHAEL ZIESING BOOKS (PO Box 806, Willimantic, CT 06226): I suspect one SASE or a nice request would get you both of these catalogs. Michael is the editor of the anarchist periodical *INSTEAD OF A MAGAZINE* and so naturally enough he stocks all sorts of anarchist literature. He's also in business with Alison Meyers (still in the same PO Box) who concentrates on feminist books. Must be an awfully crowded PO Box.

ZONTAR Vol. 4 #2 (\$3.50 from 29 Darling St. #2, Boston, MA 02120): "The magazine from Venus" contains more than you ever wanted to know about horror movies -- for example, a massive review of movies featuring mummies in this issue. Also reviews of zillions of forgotten flicks with sleazy titles and collage illustrations from old movie posters. If this is what Venus is like, I'll take Mars.

And now for the stragglers. These are zines that have come in over the last two days while I was typing this or things I had filed out of alphabetical order. On to:

DREAMSHORE Special Issue (75¢ from 618 S. Mitchell, Bloomington, IN 47401): Dreamshore is a forum for creative thought, love, mellowness and all those other Good Things that are supposed to have vanished with the sixties. As part of an ongoing celebration of life and its wonders, this special issue is devoted to recounting and examining the appearance of the Virgin Mary at Garabandal between 1961 and 1965. The evidence is not enough to convince me, but it is still impressive; the Dreamshore staff does an excellent job of investigating the connections made evident between Catholicism and other outre things.

BERSERKER Vol. 2 #4 (\$2 from PO Box 961, No. Eliz. Station, Elizabeth NJ 07208-0961): This is sort of a pfanine in that they devote space to interviewing bands and taking pictures of musical folks, but there is more to it than that, as there is also plenty of art here. The art doesn't seem to be particularly related to music, but it does have the same sort of intensity. Also has a few short stories including an installment of "Tanya Babka, Polish Spy". Wierd.

FREE AMERICA NEWS SERVICE (SASE from PO Box 19523, Denver, CO 80219): A fast-acting clearing house for Constitutionalist news. At the moment they're putting all of their energies into freeing Tupper Saussy, so this is the place to write for more details on this tax resistance case. They've also got material available with innovative legal strategies and the results of their researches showing the 17th Amendment is not valid.

HANDICAP NEWS Vol. 2 #2 (\$1 & SASE from 272 N. 11th Ct., Brighton, CO 80601): A clearing house for information of interest to handicapped people or those close to them -- with handicapped covering everything from blindness to paraplegia and Hansen's disease. Topics include coverage of legal rights, new and noteworthy products, and where to turn for help and understanding.

MACBA (SASE to PO Box 304, Marengo, IL 60152): The Mid-American Commodity and Barter Association is convinced that the 16th Amendment to the Constitution -- the one authorizing the income tax -- was never properly ratified, and thus null and void. They're trying to get this message across to the public via newspaper ads and a letter-writing campaign. If you want to know the facts -- or at least their version -- drop them a line.

MINDWARPER Vol. 1 #4 (\$1 from Baron Niall Morbius, PO Box 503, Madison, WI 53701): Combination sfanzine and pfanzine, something of a first. The basic format is to review and grade everything: books, music, films, role-playing-games, conventions, you name it. The opinions are pretty well-expressed -- at least the ones I can make out. The entire zine suffers from really awful printing, and I can't even struggle through the worst pages. Crudzines are fannish, Morbius, but you've got to be legible to be read.

OVERTHROW Vol. 7 #1 (\$1 from PO Box 392, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10012): As always, the Yippie! newspaper is full of interesting stuff: links between South African funding and the New Right in this country; plans for a post-nuke draft; pirate radio; the newly organizing Green Movement (though see SYNTHESIS for another view) and plenty more. In the more part are plans for harassing, in the inimitable Yippie! style, Nazis, Klansmen, stock exchange folks and travel agents who cater to South Africa.

PLANET DETROIT MAGAZINE 4/5 (\$3 from Kurt Nimmo, 8214 St. Marys, Detroit, MI 48228): A whole huge zine full of poetry so of course I didn't get around to hiring a poetry reviewer. "Nobody sends me poetry," says I. Anyhow, this is certainly professionally put together. The poems themselves, as far as I can judge, are as good as one finds in small presses, which in some cases is very good indeed. Tammy Anderson's MAKING ROOM, Kenneth Funsten's THE CRITIC and Gerald Locklin's THE ATOMIC CAFE all had things to say, though whether the authors put them there I certainly don't know.

POWER FOR LIVING 3 (\$1 from 2521 Irving Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55405): This pfanzine is getting better quickly. David Roth has picked up the basics of layout & typing and now can concentrate on getting bigger until he takes over the world, or at least Minnesota. Features interviews, record reviews, and "Ferret" comic strips, as well as a snotty letter to the do-gooders working for the school paper.

THE SMALL PRESS REVIEW #143 (\$16/year from Dustbooks, PO Box 100, Paradise, CA 95969): A production from the people who bring us the International Directory of Little Magazines and Small Presses, this too is aimed primarily at the literary small presses. Much concern with who is accepting manuscripts and publishing chapbooks, none with which punk zine covers the scene best. In other words, a lot more specialized than FF even though they know about a lot more magazines.

WHAT'S NEW Feb.-Mar. 1985 (\$2/year from International Book Project, 1440 Delaware Ave., Lexington, KY 40505): The International Book Project wants to take your used books and send them off to other countries where they're desperately needed. Last year they and their volunteers mailed something like 80,000 books around the world. Sounds like an excellent cause for those of you who can bear to part with a book after reading it, if not for us congenital collectors.

THE LIBERTY AMENDMENT

"Sec. 1. The Government of the United States shall not engage in any business, professional, commercial, financial or industrial enterprise except as specified in the Constitution.

"Sec. 2. The constitution or laws of any State, or the laws of the United States shall not be subject to the terms of any foreign or domestic agreement which would abrogate this amendment.

"Sec. 3. The activities of the United States Government which violate the intent and purposes of this amendment shall, within a period of three years from the date, of the ratification of this amendment, be liquidated and the properties and facilities affected shall be sold.

"Sec. 4. Three years after the ratification of this amendment the sixteenth article of amendments to the Constitution of the United States shall stand repealed and thereafter Congress shall not levy taxes on personal incomes, estates, and/or gifts."

MUSIC

One of the nice things about being the Editor is that you can surprise your readers from time to time. Here we have a new section that very few of you were expecting. A month or two back Shane and I sent out letters to a hundred or so independent music producers, asking if they would like their stuff reviewed in FF. The response was overwhelming. As a matter of fact, records and tapes are still coming in. If you sent me something and it's not reviewed below, it will be in the next issue. And of course if there are any other music producers in my audience, feel free to send me your stuff as well.

In the future this column is probably going to be written mainly by Shane. This month logistical reasons kept him from getting copies of much of the stuff that came in (it ain't easy having your music reviewer behind bars a couple of thousand miles away). So these reviews are team-written: some by Shane, some by me, and some by both. I hope you enjoy them.

THE 3-D INVISIBLES, "Put on Your Glasses" (Neurotic Bop Records, 451 Redwood, Troy, MI 48083); Alphabetical order just happens to give us a good one to start with. Creepy lyrics in front of a fairly clean rockabilly sound, but the creepiness is all in fun -- like watching Movie Macabre on the tube late at night. You could dance to "Rockin' With Drac" if you could get your date to stop staring at you. Comes complete with do-it-yourself 3D glasses, just like you used to get at the movies. (45)

76% UNCERTAIN, "Estimated Monkey Time" (\$5 from Mike Hammond, Shmegma Records, 556 Broadway, 2nd Fl., Bridgeport, CT 06606); Connecticut has an active punk scene without a whole lot of places to play, so the bands seem to compensate by getting their stuff on vinyl. This is hardcore without the musical erration of the youngest fastest thrashers, featuring ex-members of C.I.A. (at one time Connecticut's best-known punk band) and REFLEX FROM PAIN. Some of these songs are pretty thoughtful with titles like "Bury my Pride", "Shadow of Doubt" and "Morbid Curiosity" -- but they haven't forgotten the really big problems either: there's a song about dogshit on this record. There's also a great attack on the "Coffee Achievers". Believe it or not, you can actually understand the lyrics on this one without an interpreter. (LP)

100 FLOWERS, "Drawing Fire" (Happy Squid Records, PO Box 64184, Los Angeles, CA 90064); Heavy on the bass guitar that reaches up into your abdomen and puts knots in your guts, mixed with vocals that sound like they're playing at a slower than usual speed. A sound to immerse oneself in while going quietly catatonic -- not bad, in other words. No heavy guitar solos or screaming vocals, just solid throbbing rock. (LP)

GG ALLIN & THE SCUMFUCS, "Eat my Fuc" (PO Box 54, Hookset, NH 03106); This bozo sees offending people as his claim to fame. He uses all the outrageous epithets that have ever been hurled at him in a zillion zines as part of his promo material, but he neglects to mention that no one has ever called this essential listening. Basically he ain't hardcore and he ain't metal, but still carrying on in the Iggy and the Dead Boys middle of the road pervo-maso-rock with songs like "Drink, Fight and Fuck". But if you collect albums it wouldn't hurt you to pick this up because the guy has built up a certain amount of notoriety and his music isn't total shit or anything. (LP)

AMAURY PEREZ, "Amor Fati II" (\$3 from Flesh Records, PO Box 5040, North Bergen, NJ 07047); Homegrown rock that comes with its very own fanzine. The fanzine is mostly collages and thoughts on life. The music is guitar and vocals with occasional backing from things like doors and telephones. I would class this as background music: it's not intrusive and demanding, but is quite pleasant to listen to. There's also a 45 (Amor Fati) available for \$2.50. (tape)

ARTLESS, "How Much Punk Rock do You Hear in Russia?" (\$2.50 from Seidboard World Enterprises, 75 Bleecker St., New York, NY 10012); The man responsible for this is Mykel Board, staffer of commie zine MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL. But besides the lead song here they do "We Want Nuclear War" (and a deranged cover of "I Am A Rock"), so obviously he is a comic foil for the leftist straight men or vice versa. Artless has now broken up, but while they existed they were probably the only Republican punk band in the country, and the only alternative to the "I Hate everyone who wears a Tie" theme of much punk rock. So don't mourn for them, just get the record. (45)

THE BANDABLES, "Cynicism" b/w "Love Lies Down" (Galt Records, 209-80 18th Ave., #5F, Bayside, NY 11360); This is pop, not punk, and it's a refreshing change from the majority of the music in this section. A four-piece group with the classically light pop sound, what makes this one stand out from current AM radio fare is Amy Miller's wonderful vocals. She clearly knows about singing and is good at it. Jerry Kitzrow is the other half of the vocal team and they blend in perfectly. Who says the Sixties are dead? (45)

THE C*NTS LIVE, "The Fires of Spring" (Disturbing Records, PO Box 11463, Chicago, IL 60611); Another good rock band. Though this claims to be live the mix is very clean. The music is led alternately by the guitars and the synthesizer, and both are well done; the guitar work on "Children swept out to sea by tidal wave" is particularly awe-inspiring. Very energetic stuff, ideal for waking up the neighbors in the morning.

"Dangerous Business International" (\$3.50 from , PO Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507); This must be art because I'm not sure it's music. An attempt to rediscover the roots of music by getting rid of all those stupid instruments and just having people sing whatever they want a capella. Some of it works better as sociology than music, showing just what strange things people will do when you put a microphone in front of their faces. (tape)

THE FUNDAMENTALISTS, "Faith vs. The 20th Century" (Bob Forward, AT Productions, 812 Stadelman Ave., Akron, OH 44320); Instrumental guitar music consisting primarily of guitar riffs with accompaniment on what seems to be some hollow thing being hit by a blunt instrument. OK as ambient sound, not too exciting as music. Perhaps I missed the point. The title cut is the best of the lot, and I think it could have used a few minutes less. (tape)

"Garage Sale" (\$9.25 from ROIR, 611 Broadway Suite 725, New York, NY 10012); Reachout International Records only makes cassettes, no vinyl. This is one of their recent releases, put together in conjunction with GOLDMINE magazine, the collectors' meeting place in print. All of these cuts are "garage rock" which usually means 60's type psychedelic with a rough edge, also known as 60's punk. These range all the way from the classic psychedelia of bands like San Francisco's THE TRIP to the pure pop tones of Chicago's THE CRICKLE. There are a couple of relatively well-known bands with cuts on this compilation: THE PANDORAS, who are yet another all-female group from Los Angeles and THE FUZZTONES, who have quite a buzz going on in rock pubs as the best band of their type. (tape)

THE GYROS, "The Gyros" (Fake Doom Records, Lock Box 7295, New York, NY 10116); Pure rockabilly, with a sound made of twangy guitars, simple drumming and sharp vocals. This is the sort of album that sets one to humming the tunes an hour later. Best of the lot is "For You", which could stand alone as an archetypical rockabilly track. The STRAY CATS seem to have come and gone; THE GYROS were around before them and may well outlast them. (EP)

HEAVY MENTAL, "Atomic Shockabilly" (Persistant Productions Ltd., PO Box 777, Evanston, IL 60204); A band that believes music should have a message, they've been running a grassroots ad campaign in Chicago to combat the trend towards MOR rock. The B side of this one -- "I like Girls Who Smoke"--is excellent, and you should call your local college station and demand that they play it. Great harmonies, a strong beat, and a completely inane message here. Their production company has big plans for an organization of underground bands. I'll keep you posted. (45 or tape)

THE HONEYMOON KILLERS, "The Honeymoon Killers" (PO Box 20896, New York, NY 10009): Raw, throbbing dark and dismal rock that was recorded in a meat locker someplace but escaped and descended on an unsuspecting world. They do a cover of "Who Do You Love" that makes George Thorogood sound like The Monkees. Very intense, very scary rock with a heavy bass line and lots of screaming teenage girls in the background. And they don't sound like they're screaming out of joy either. Not a band to invite home for your mother to meet. They sent us a nifty hand-colored fanzine full of lyrics with our copy; I don't know if you have to be a big important music reviewer to get a copy or not. (LP)

LULU REVUE (c/o Dubris, 27 First Ave. #14, New York, NY 10003): It's tough to believe that this was recorded in the same town as the last one. Lulu Revue has an extremely stark sound, guitar work that lets you hear individual notes instead of blaring feedback, and a drumbeat that carries the song without getting in the way. Pick hit off this one is "My Palace Assassin (1901)", where both the guitar work and Tim Milk's vocals go through a lot of incredible changes during the song: slow and ponderous to quick, airy with almost crooning vocals. The man has an incredible range and ability. If you can't find it in your local store, this is definitely one to write for. (45)

MOEV, "Zimmerkampf" (\$6.50 from C.D. Presents, 1230 Grant Ave., Suite 531, San Francisco, CA 94133): A New Wavish heavy-on-the-synthesizers band that grows on you with repeated listening. There are two really perky, upbeat songs on this one: "90 Minutes" and "Rotting Geraniums" (believe it or not). Nice synth work and excellent vocals. Decidedly not an album for background listening, though: they've boobytrapped the second side with a last song that deliberately goes on forever when it gets to the final groove, lulling your mind into sedation. Wait until the "Rock is Satan's Tool" get hold of this hypnotic track! (LP)

OFFENDERS, "I Hate Myself" b/w "Bad Times" (Rabid Cat Records, PO Box 49263, Austin, TX 78765): Hardcore rock. The flipside is 4½ minutes of atomic guitars, indistinguishable vocals, and heavy drumming directed against organized religion. Hard rock aimed at an easy target. (45)

REFLEX FROM PAIN, "Black and White" (Death Threat Records, 1036 Whippoorwill Ln., Stratford, CT 06497): Another of the Connecticut hardcore bands. Their music can get to be more intense than that of 76% Uncertain but the lyrics are pretty generic: I hate rednecks, I've got a hangover, they put chemicals in my brain, what else is new? This is classic hardcore, though: you can't possibly follow the songs without a lyric sheet because they're "singing" too fast to get all the words in. (45)

RIO BISBEE BAND, "Reagan Rodeo" b/w "HLA" (\$2 from RFD 279, Rockland, ME 04841): The Rio Bisbees are sort of a SubGenius novelty band with a wide range of stuff. "Reagan Rodeo" is a hilarious C&W accounting of our beloved Presidente's administration, that sounds like it comes from some little honkytonk except that they'd get lynched if they tried to sing it in one. "HLA" is a neo-psychedelic number backed up with mortar fire discussing the Human Life Amendment and equating the "Right to Life" with the "Right to Death". Heavy stuff, but it's also good music. (45)

NORMAN SALANT, "Sax Talk" (\$7 from C.D. Presents, 1230 Grant Ave. #531, San Francisco, CA 94133): Saxophone, synthesizer, guitar and percussion come together to create hauntingly addictive music. One track in particular, "Ashphalt Prairie", put me in the mind of late night driving on deserted desert highways even before I looked at the title -- either an amazing coincidence or a supremely talented evocation of mood. The guitars weave in and out while overall the sax puts forth the feelings of a late and lonely night. I can't get over how strongly this music touched me, and for that matter, I'm not even about to try. (LP)

SCRATCH ACID (Rabid Cat Records, PO Box 49263, Austin, TX 78765): Turgid rock with more bass than melody. The lead singer sounds like he has ingested far too many central nervous system depressants (except on the track where he uses the echo box. I suspect this record would be better with lots of dope, but typing a fanzine is not conducive to testing this theory out. (LP)

SUBURBAN MUTILATION, "The Opera Ain't Over Til The Fat Lady Sings" (\$5.50 from Norb Rozek, Reamed Pork Records, 708 St. Joseph St., Green Bay, WI 54301); These guys are an amazing young band. They use your basic punk rock instrumentation but manage to get as much noise and distortion on some songs as an industrial-type band. Listening to their stuff is often like getting run over by a truck or mauled by a grizzly. This group is yet another brainchild of the Right Rev. Norbert Elmo Ugly, the guy who puts out SICK TEEN fanzine which is probably available for a couple stamps from the address above, and well worth it. This is one of the best punk records of 1984 -- guaranteed -- the lyrics have humor and some originality but its the music you need. Feminists and other faint hearts beware. (LP)

"This is The Central Coast DAMNIT!" (Bopp 'n Skin Records, c/o Shawm, 1053 Islay St., San Luis Obispo, CA 93401); The central coast is of course the coast of California between the music centers of LA and SF. This record shows that there are indeed bands in this terra incognita. Most of these are standard issue hardcore bands, but one did stick out on first listen: MOOD ROOM, who play a sort of light pop heavy on the keyboards. Not that I've got anything against hardcore, but there are about twenty cuts on this record and they all sort of run together. On the other hand, it works very well indeed as a sampler of eleven different bands for the price of one. (LP)

WALLS OF GENIUS, "The Mysterious Case of Pussy Lust" (Evan Cantor, PO Box 1093, Boulder, CO 80306); These guys have technical competence with their various instruments (including shower curtain) but lack the mental balance necessary to make normal music with them. Fortunately, their abnormal music is pretty damned good. They play any damn style they want, from hardcore to real slow mellow rock, on a mix of original material and covers. Check out "Don't Scratch Me There", the ultimate scratch/dance number, and the kazoo-backed cover of "Palisades Park". Or at least send an SASE for their catalog. (tape)

A WESTERN FRONT, "Off to the Angels" (\$6 from Eric Predoehl, Orange Records West, PO Box 2430, Santa Clara, CA 95055); Fresh from the morass of LA County, this pop band strikes me as just as good as (if not better than) a lot of the folks getting airplay. With the exception of a cover of "Strawberry Fields Forever", this is all original stuff, with catchy tunes and fairly decent lyrics. I think "The Asparagus Trussel" is probably my favorite here, if only because I don't hear very many vegetable songs. (EP)

"World Class Punk" (ROIR cassette but only \$7 from Seidboard World Enterprises, 75 Bleecker St., New York, NY 10012); Another compilation from the ROIR catalogue. This tape features 27 bands from 25 countries and not a shitty cut amongst them. A whirlwind tour of the world of punk, this one is divided not into A and B sides but into "Core" and "Fringe" -- one side just for those folks who love fast and furious hardcore, and the other for those who want non-punk and post-punk sound that is still unacceptable to the placid consumer. The liner notes contain contact addresses for each and every band and an introduction to the whole tape from the irrepressible Mykel Board. (tape)

And that's it for what should be the first of many FF Record & Tape columns. We've tried to review at least one item from every producer who got stuff to us by the deadline; there's already lots more for the next issue, so this column will probably grow.

A word on availability: some of these things are probably available in your local independent record store, if you are fortunate enough to exist in a big city. Most are available by mail from the artists or producers, and we've included contact addresses for everything. The prices quoted are US postpaid if at all possible -- foreign orders ought to send more or write first.

STARS ON ONE

by Anni Ackner

More than anything else in the world, I love the movies and baseball.

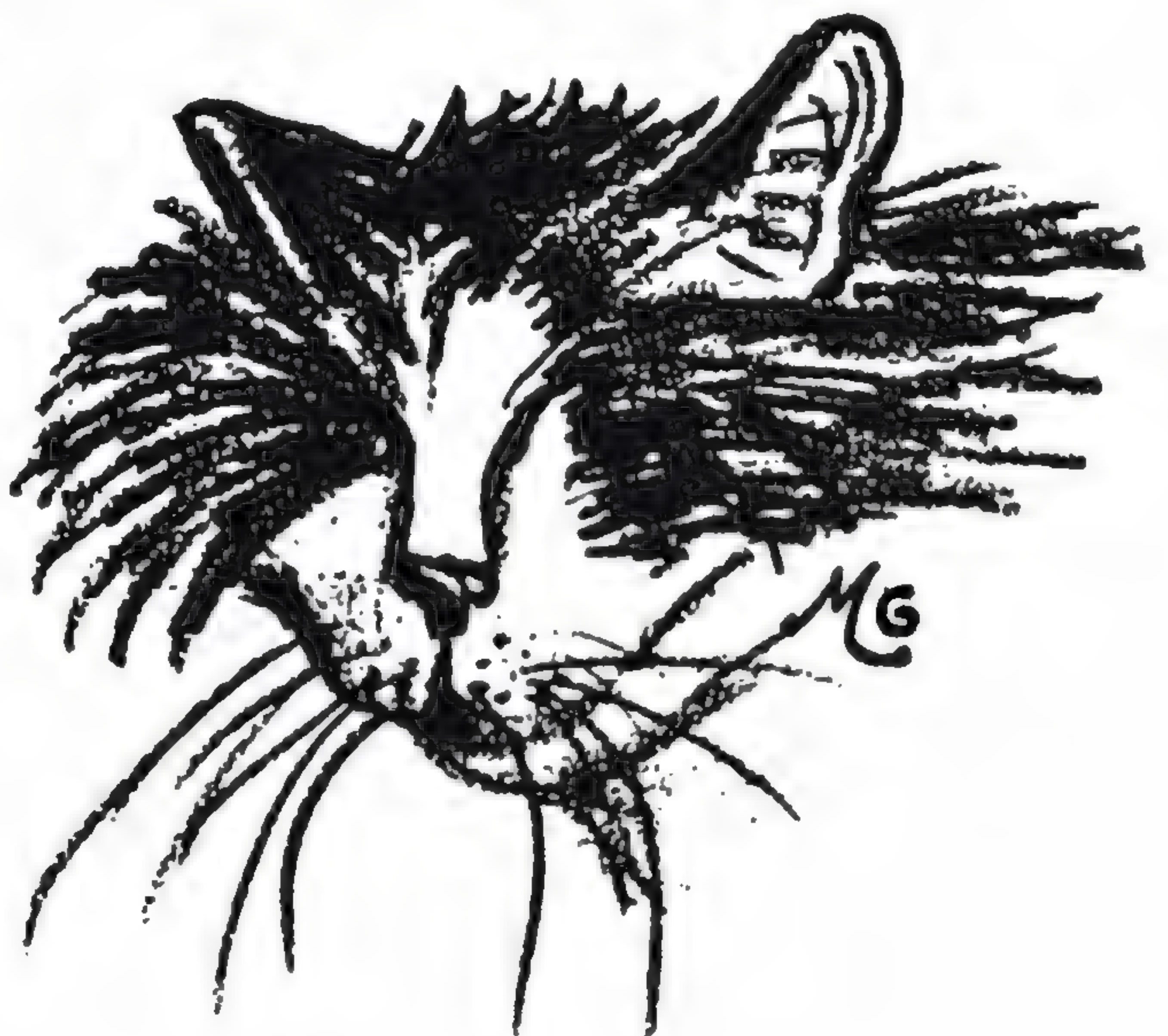
Now, lest you think the foregoing is merely the sort of sweeping generalization that people just casually toss about for the sake of conversation (e.g., "Raw fruits and vegetables are better for you than Baskin-Robbins peanut butter and chocolate ice cream" or "Ronald Reagan's domestic policies make coherent sense"), let me point out right here that (a) I once hitch-hiked from the nether reaches of Marin County, CA to Berkeley, CA, a distance of some 65 miles, and stood on line for four hours to take in what amounted to a Bud Cort film festival and (b) when my particular ball team (the New York Yankees) is down 14-5 in the last inning, with two out and no one on base, I am not the one leaving the stadium in the attempt to beat the crowds. I am the one sitting in the stands yelling "Rally! Rally!" and wondering where everyone else is going. These things, I think you will agree, are indicative of a devotion that borders on the fanatic, so I believe I am safe in standing by my initial statement. If forced, I could probably struggle along without music (in fact, in these days of Wham! and Frankie Goes To Hollywood I sometimes think that this humble life of mine might be rendered that much more pleasant if I never had to hear a note of music again). If absolutely pressed, I might be able to live without reading (with the proviso that I be allowed to glance through those darling little pamphlets the Scientology folks are always sending me -- you have to have SOMETHING, after all), and I established my priorities concerning matters sexual years ago when I outraged a Perfectly Nice Gentleman by interrupting the proceedings momentarily to catch the last couple of innings of the deciding game of the World Series, but I know beyond the shadow of any doubt that I could not exist without movies and baseball.

It will therefore, given the above, come as no great surprise to anyone to discover that I am also slightly batty on the subject of movies about baseball or The Baseball Movie. In point of fact, I will go out of my way to watch any film that even hints at concerning itself with baseball, good, bad or indifferent. I even sat all the way through THE BAD NEWS BEARS, which was a Baseball Movie more or less the same way that the Nicaraguan Contras are revolutionary freedom fighters, and if this were the end of it there would be no real problem, and we could all go on and do something else. Unfortunately, this is not the end of it (you didn't really think it was, did you?), which is to say that there is major trouble in the genre, and the trouble is that most Baseball Movies are neither good, bad, nor indifferent -- in a word, most Baseball Movies stink. Put more delicately, to paraphrase a certain slightly rancid teenage biography that a friend of mine is occasionally given to quoting, the trouble with most Baseball Movies is that they are not very much baseball and they are very bad movies.

Just so we understand each other, let me take a moment here to detail what, after several years of watching the stuff, seem to me to be the rock-bottom minimum attributes one should expect from a good (or even a half-way decent) Baseball Movie:

1. It ought to be about baseball.

2. It ought to be watchable, beyond the fact that it is about baseball.



To the uninitiated, these attributes may seem self-evident to the point of absurdity, but you'd be surprised (or, come to think of it, maybe you wouldn't) how many film makers blithely ignore them and simply go merrily on their way, wasting foot after foot of celluloid which might be put to better use in the creation of those jolly things the unemployment bureau makes you sit through before they dole out your check.

Take that first one, for example. It sounds simple enough, but it's astounding (and a little bit sick-making) the way film-makers can't seem to carry it through. It isn't enough to take any old story, dress the protagonists up in uniforms, hand them bats and set the whole mess against a background of the World Series, in precisely the same way that it isn't enough to take any old story, give the protagonists three heads, set it on Venus and call it science fiction. Good science fiction, to get dogmatically down to it, is that which can't possibly be told in any other genre, and a good Baseball Movie is one in which baseball is so intrinsically part of the story that it can't be separated, nor could the story be told without it. Adherence to this principle would go a long way to saving us all from peculiarities like MURDER AT THE WORLD SERIES, a cheerful little melodrama served up by some TV production company whose name I have fortunately blocked out, and which concerned the adventures of a slightly confused man who, rejected by a major league baseball team (possibly because of his habit of carrying on a running dialogue with himself by means of a large tape recorder, which might have been distracting to the rest of the infield), makes plans to kidnap the team's star pitcher's wife (and who doesn't want to bet right here and now that he snatches the wrong woman?), falls in love with his victim and, well, you get the idea. This is not a Baseball Movie; this is a cop story that someone thought would be more commercial if they could show footage of routine double plays in between the more general acts of violence. It most assuredly does not amount to the same thing.

Then there is the inescapable, but all too often ignored, fact that just because a movie is about baseball doesn't necessarily make it worth seeing, even for a fan and especially for those who are not. It is always helpful, when making a movie, to have a plot which remains logical at least 50% of the time, actors capable of giving the impression that their minds are on the script and not on their percent of the gross, and a director who harbors a few ideas about his job beyond insuring that said actors don't bump into each other at strategic moments. Leaving aside such obvious dogs as the previously mentioned BAD NEWS BEARS (you know as well as I do that any movie that has as its main attraction mischevious children spouting the sort of language that causes real baseball players to incur fines is just about honor-bound to be a Stinkeroo, so you view this type of thing at your own risk) far too many Baseball Movies toddle along on the erroneous assumption that, because they contain nice footage of baseball games, no one is going to notice that they don't contain much else. The best (or the worst, depending on how you look at it) example of this that I can think of is a gem called BLUE SKIES AGAIN. I don't know why it's called BLUE SKIES AGAIN but, on the other hand, I don't know why it was made in the first place, so there you are. It's about -- I think -- a woman who decides to play major league baseball (naturally, she's awfully good at it) and who finds a team willing to take her on (naturally, they're in last place and would be willing to stick an elephant in the outfield if they thought it would do them any good), and you can pretty much write the rest for yourself. Totally apart from any sympathetic feelings I might have towards the idea of a woman playing professional baseball (for the record, I don't see any reason why we shouldn't, and I fully expect to see it come about immediately following David Stockman's election as president of the United Farm Workers), the script has an alarming tendency to drift towards randomness (I've seen it twice -- sometimes I think I deserve the Congressional Medal of Honor for what I do for this column -- and still have only half an idea what's going on, which at least puts me one half up on the writers), the actors look either bored (for which one can hardly blame them) or adorable (for which one can), and it's no use commenting on the direction because I have a terrible suspicion that there wasn't any. HBO, which has, for unexplained reasons, been showing this lately, refers to it as a "sleeper". What I refer to it as is illegal in 4 different states and most of the provinces of Canada.

It would be entirely fair of you to ask, at this juncture, why, with all of this being given, I even bother to seek out these things, and, to be perfectly honest, sometimes I forget myself, until, that is, one of the rare great Baseball Movies turns up. A great Baseball Movie can drive all memories of KILL THE UMPIRE (a long forgotten and entirely unlamented goodie starring William Demarest) right out of my mind. A great Baseball Movie comes along about as often as does a perfect game (and rather less often than a triple play) and, off the top of my head, I can only come up with the following two:

PRIDE OF THE YANKEES -- Anyone who has ever endured a Yankee rain-out has seen this movie; it's Channel 11's standard time-killer, and that's rather a shame, because it deserves better than to be spliced up and cut into whenever the sun comes back out. Just in case you don't know, it's the story of Lou Gehrig and, while its accuracy is debatable, its power isn't. It is humorous without being hysterical, warm without being sentimental, poignant without being maudlin, and Gary Cooper portrays Gehrig with such sincerity that, to this day, I can't look at a picture of the real Gehrig without thinking he looks a little funny. (As an historical note, it also contains Babe Ruth doing a nice, understated job of portraying himself. Considering the rivalry between the two men all through their careers, this is an appreciable bit of humility.) If you can make it through the famous speech Gehrig delivered on the day the Yankees gave honoring him without feeling at least slightly misty, there may be something seriously wrong with your emotions.

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY -- (No, all good Baseball Movies are not about dying players. It just happens that these two are). This is one of the most beautiful, quiet, low-keyed, underrated and elegant films ever made, baseball-oriented or otherwise. It is about baseball. It is also about friendship, loyalty, strength, courage and the basic, underlying goodness of ordinary human beings, all of which are very nice things for a movie to be about, particularly when the movie is handled as well as is this one. Loosely based on the story of Brian Piccolo, it is far superior to the "factual" biography that was released at about the same time. Robert De Niro gives one of his rare sympathetic performances as the doomed catcher; Michael Moriarty, an actor who ought to be much better known than he is, is his best friend, the team's star pitcher. They are both superlative. I cannot find one single unpleasant thing to say about this film -- in case anyone is interested, it is on my personal Ten Best list. It is not often shown and, when it is, it is usually at 3 o'clock in the morning. I would advise you to wait up for it. (A brief aside for Harbinger of Doom fans -- the De Niro character carries #15, Thurmon Munson's old number. I don't pretend to know if this means anything, but it unnerves me every time I see it.)

Two out of dozens probably doesn't seem like an admirable track record but, when you get down to it, how often does a really tremendous movie about any subject come along? All things considered, and on the understanding that no one is planning to produce THE GEORGE STEINBRENNER STORY, I shall, no doubt, continue to go on viewing the things on the chance that another great will sneak through before I'm too old to find my way to the theatre. Given the way the Yankees have been playing as of this writing, watching baseball movies may soon become preferable to watching baseball itself, if only because, as yet, no one has thought of hurling paper cups full of beer at an unsatisfactory inning on a motion picture screen.

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NOTES OF A NEON GRINGO

by Kerry Wendell Thornley

Most sane people don't want to talk to someone who looks like a raving maniac in addition to talking that way.

So it's that old proverb: "Clean body, clean mind -- take your pick."

Most editors don't care what kind of machine something is typed on -- as long as they can read it. For resumes and SPARE CHANGE photo-ready copy I can hire a typist to copy from my drafts.

I've got to get the next SPARE CHANGE completed and in the mails, incidentally. It's already near the end of July and my last mailing was in March or April. I should find out how much it costs to get "Big 'Bob' is Watching You!" typeset -- to decide whether to skip that one or not. I should also weigh what I've got at the post office.

Sometimes the beauty of a blank page just overwhelms me. I sit and stare at it -- trying to think of what I could write that would possibly represent an improvement over all that untrammelled potential. Usually, after I write whatever I write on it, I feel like I should've paid more attention to how I felt when I was just sitting there looking at that beautiful blank piece of paper.

Unfortunately, nobody reads blank pages these days.

The Provos of Amsterdam occasionally marched in demonstrations with blank signs. Maybe I could borrow Craig's staple gun and put blank posters up everywhere. (It seems like a lot of trouble, though, to make such an elusive point.)

QWN: "In fact, at times, Quent was sure Fitzpatrick was J.R. 'Bob' Dobbs. Allegedly a crazed nut named Doug Wellman shot and killed Dobbs in 1984. That, however, could just have been a cover story."

"Or it could have been a case of mistaken identity. Every crack salesman -- of anything from aluminum siding to used cars -- looked exactly like both Dobbs and Fitzpatrick anyways."

"Of course when that thought struck Quent was also when he became uncertain again of his theory, every time, because for the same reason Dobbs and Fitzpatrick could be just about any two other of the commercial clean-shaven guys with pipes and brief cases."

"And there was no good reason for thinking them the same person, after all."

"Still, the possibility nagged him -- because the things they said also sounded very much alike."

I want relationships of my own choosing, on my own terms, that I'm not required to explain or justify to anyone. I'm not interested in the opinions of strangers about people I choose to spend my time with -- nor about people I choose to ignore.

All my life -- or at least long before I understood what was going on -- I've been subjected to purposes that I don't understand by people I've never met, individuals with no conception of human rights, who are moreover complete hypocrites. Now that I've established a modicum of communication with these mysterious busybodies, I'll be damned if they are going to use it to tell me how to run my personal affairs. I hope that what I am saying is comprehensible to them.



PENNE IN

by Shane Williams

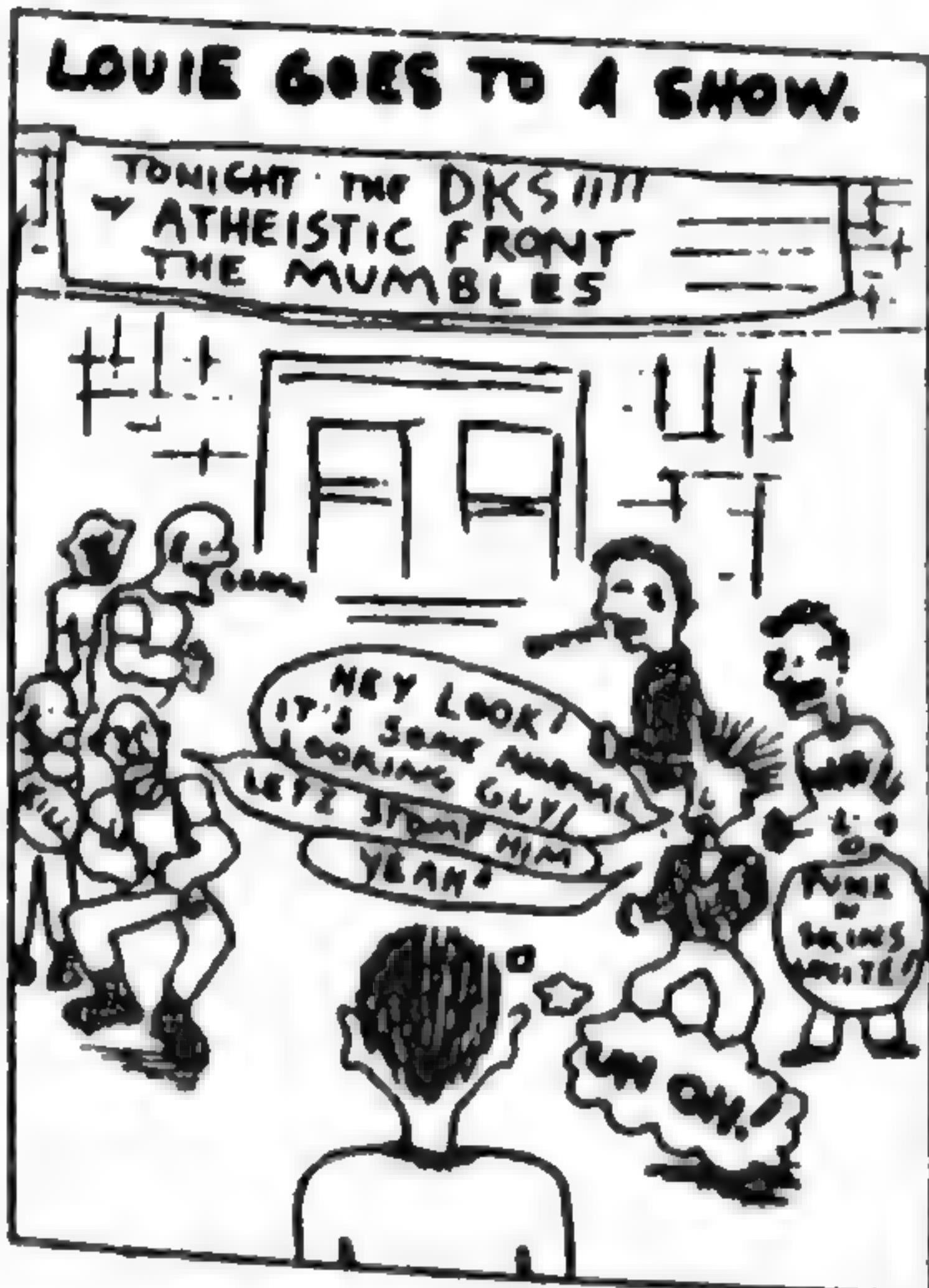
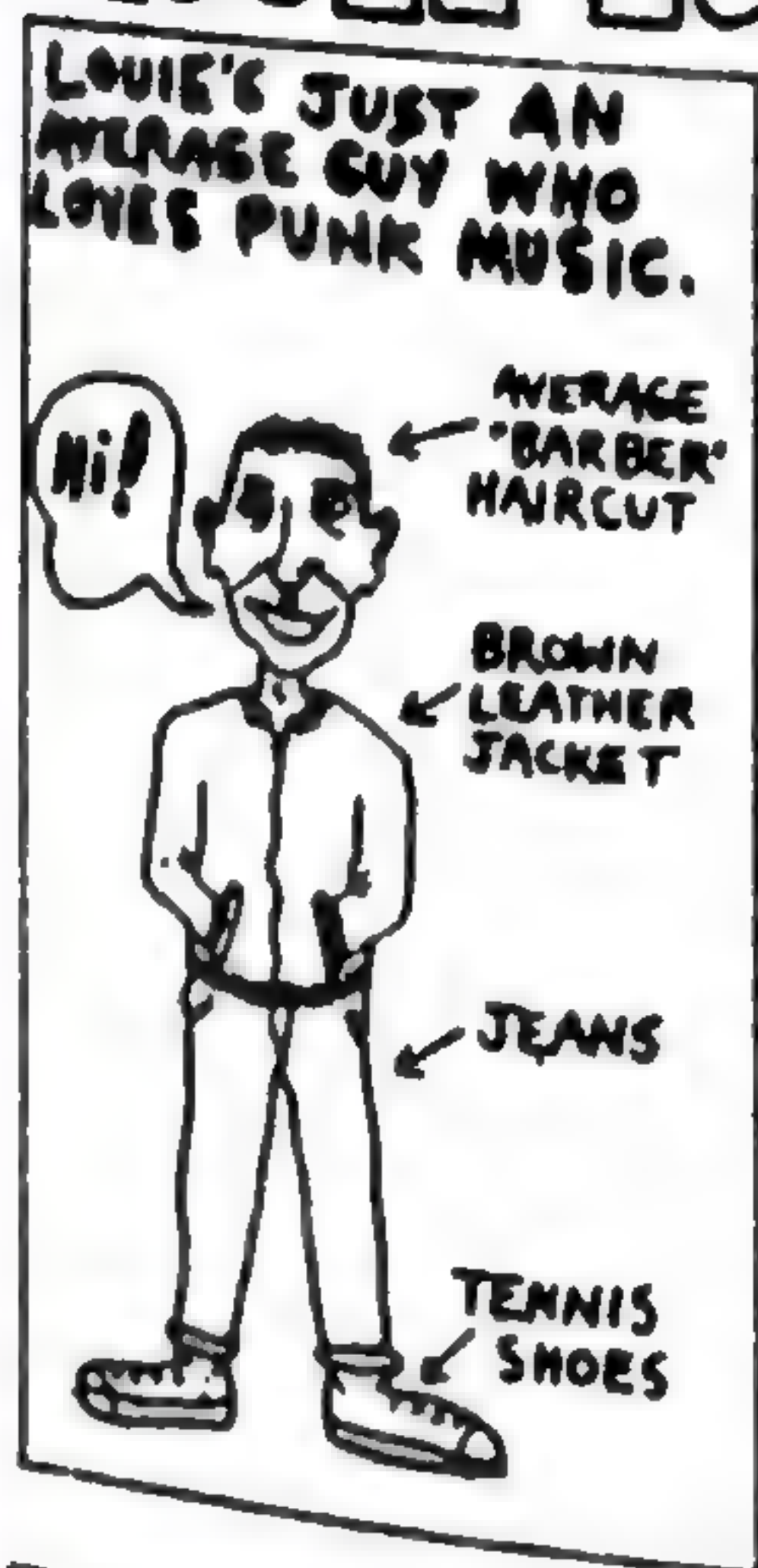
((Editor's note: Shane's column this time consists entirely of zines he's received over the last few months. His views on music are on another page, shuffled in with the record and tape reviews. Next time things will probably be even more confusing.))

NO PLACE TO HIDE (705 Centre St., Trenton, NJ 08611, 50¢ & 2 stamps) Neat (as in "not sloppy") layout, lots of interviews with East Coast bands and other bands passing through. Relatively short but informational. Also some good record reviews. A couple of pages in the center have small pixes. It's kind of a petite, concise zine. This issue has an interview with RUIN, one of my faves -- Ruin say that the spiritual aspects are neglected for the political in the emphasis of today's music scene. I agree, if by spiritual you mean underlying which is what they mean.

GUILLOTINE (Wendy Eager, 37-21 80th St., Jackson Heights, NY 11372 -- a buck & a couple of stamps): The editorial page starts off with an angry statement about the anti-New York comments in a recent issue of MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL -- a widely distributed very leftist zine out of San Fran. Somebody in New York supposedly sent them an anonymous letter denouncing NY and a lot of bands and individuals were singled out. So then MRNR prints it and more or less adds their own estimation of NY as a fascist stronghold. Well, Guillotine are pissed, and I can't blame them. The zine is great, once again a clean format, usually a pic included with each live review or interview. Lots of both in this zine. Great interview with Agnostic Front -- they've got a bad reputation as gangsters and fascists but it seems like they're really just living up to being agnostic and don't think they know the real truth and aren't content to let the leftist theoreticians tell them what it should be. I don't agree with everything they say but I enjoyed reading what some of my musical faves think.

THE OFFENSE NEWSLETTER (PC Box 12614, Columbus, OH 43212, \$1 ppd.):

LOUIE LOUIE



This newsletter is up past issue 50 now and I expect it to make it up into 4 digits. The editor is not a punk and doesn't like much punk, but "his values are right", as punks are wont to say. He has not only been keeping the faith with his zines for a long time but in the last years he's been helping arrange for his favorites to come over from England and play Columbus. The music highlighted in TON is mainly gloom or dance new music from England, especially stuff on the 4A.D. label like Cocteau Twins, This Mortal Coil, etc. If you don't understand how anyone could like punk but you like the idea of "new music" you might want to try some of these bands. More than gloomy or danceable 4A.D. bands are seductive.

FIGHT FOR FREEDOM (3191 Ruth Elaine Dr., Los Alamitos, CA 90720, \$1 ppd.): This one hails from Orange County where there are more punk parties with live bands

playing than anywhere else in the world. This is where hardcore started. This zine has a few things besides interviews and reviews. There are song lyrics by local bands, song dedications that people send in, addresses of Youth Organizations which are supposedly groups that help promote the punk scene but often double as gangs, club listings with phone numbers, and even a couple of reprinted articles -- one on Anarchy, one on Authority. There is even a gossip column that is positively arcane.

THE LEADING EDGE (9977 Caminito Chirimolla, San Diego, CA 92131, \$1.50 ppd.): In L.A. zines you occasionally read that San Diego has a violent scene, more fights at gigs and so on. Pradoxically they also have the most anti-violent zine. The key word at LEADING EDGE is "positive" -- they believe in plenty of editorializing and that an exchange of views is just as important as band info. This zine is thick enough so that there is plenty of both. There is actually a two page section of opinion columns by various contributors. This ish also contains an arts layout in tribute to Italian hardcore, with lots of contact addresses at the end, plus almost two pages of addresses in the States of people who want to correspond. There's an interview here with two guys who set up their own tape distribution label and you get an idea both how easy and how hard it is to get involved and "be more than a witness".

MALICE (PO Box 241022, Memphis, TN 38124, 75¢): Malice gets the Art of the Issue award -- they have cartoons by Crawford and Ellington on facing pages and lots of other good artwork throughout. This zine mixes hardcore coverage with industrial noise type music. All the reviews are positive, which means he doesn't tell you about anything he doesn't like which seems like a valid form of criticism in itself. Also contains tape listings, interviews, reviews, etc. Chris, the editor, also has a tape label called HARSH REALITY (PO Box 241661 Memphis TN 38124) that has numerous Industrial Strength cassettes available -- his own group being called Skoptzies.

WHAT'S NEW (11 Allen Rd., Brighton, MA 02135, \$11.70 for a year): What's new with WHAT'S NEW -- a bunch of boo -- I mean bull. This mag now has glossy covers and is trying to be all things to all people with all kinds of articles for Yuppies on Trivial Pursuit, Old Autos, food and beer, plus music. It's kind of mediocre but I guess one can't blame them for trying to expand their horizons. I guess worth the money.

BEYOND THE PALE (PO Box 369, Poulsbo, WA 98370, \$1.40 for double #3/4, 90¢ for #5): This is a long-awaited zine, and I do mena long!! The last ish came out in '81 or '82 and a lot of the reviews in #3/4 go back to '82, but this is still a very essential zine because of the long long interview with CRASS that was done when Karla the editor went to England. After the Sex Pistols self-destructed and The Clash became lame, Crass garnered a large following by preaching pacifism, anti-vivisection, anti-nuke etc. with a series of abrasive punk releases. They are punks, but they are also hippies. They live communally. They're not merely cashing in on punk but merely trying to establish some sort of continuity with the earlier counter-culture. I'm not much for the leftist punks in America. Crass say, quick enough, that they really speak for the British situation. They seem to have a real understanding of their country. Even if you care fuck all about music you should get this if you want to know what anarchists are up to in England. This issue also has two other great interviews with experimental groups that aren't as much political as personally anarchistic in their music -- Nurse With Wound and Nervous Garden. The only drawback is Karla's defensiveness. She seems offended that a group calling themselves CUNTS would even send a review copy to her. Spare me feminism to the nth degree.

ATTACK (1 buck and stamps to PO Box 9609, Seattle, WA 98109): I guess this took them a year and a half to finally get out and its the last issue to boot, but there is a little of everything here. Even obituaries for Richard Brautigan and Francois Truffaut and Peter Murphy (Bauhaus frontman) in case you're curious. Also band pix, live reviews, poetry, short fiction, cut-ups a la Burroughs, original art, record reviews, best of lists and movie reviews. Amazing and definitely worth it.

HOPELESS TASKS (PO Box 22072, Seattle, WA 98122, \$1.50): I haven't finished reading this yet. It's almost all politics, with articles like "Animal rights and the Feminist Connections" and "The Roots of Speciesism in Western Society". A little rich for my blood, but I guess I probably will slog through it. Good graphics and Dada art. As long as they know it's hopeless than I guess it's all right.

ROCK N ROLL CONFIDENTIAL (Duke & Duchess Ventures Dept. 22 Box 1073 Maywood, NJ 07607, \$15): A rock mag for liberals in their 30's or 40's put out by ex-ROLLING STONE staffer Dave Marsh. Those of you that have never heard of anything I like and think punk sucks might like this. SUBURBAN RELAPSE (PO Box 610906, N. Miami, FL 33261, \$1.50): #12 came out in October '84 and there should be a new one out soon. This is a punkzine on newsprint that has the regular mix of features but more in depth than most. #12 has interviews with the staff at FLIPSIDE and MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL, the two most widely distributed punkzines. It also has an interview with Herschel G. Lewis, who I found out was the first "gore" film director (the flick BLOODFEAST circa 1963 for any who care to quibble about possible predecessors). Lots of various artists are reviewed including regional artists and those who played the local clubs.

END TIMES (Craig Tuatjes, 3645 28th St. Dept. 184, Grand Rapids, MI 49508): This zine has the distinction of having appeared in 3 FF issues in a row in my column. The brand new issue is out and as good as ever. This issue has a focus on punk artists with an interview with John Crawford, the artist who does Baboon Dooley and who is a one-man army against the invasive forces of communist propaganda on the punk scene and another interview with John Sevcik who draws great borders and Escher-like configurations. This issue also has an interview with Samhain vehicle for the former singer of The Misfits who were pretty infamous as a horror thrash band. It turns out the Maranatha Fellowship tried to get their concert cancelled at a college they played. Lots of other good stuff here like the punk scene in St. Tropez (no shit!)

MIND THEATRE (Johnny Waco, 23 Oregon Rd., London Ont. N5Z 4B3 CANADA, \$1.75 & postage): Cartoons from Canada with lots of punk rock type characters but also some wierd other stuff, the highlight being Wippo. The cover of this says it all: "237 Wippo Fans Can't Be Wrong!" This is issue 3 dated August '84. Probably still available with more to come.

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FUNNY BOOKS ??

by Steve Chaput

I have heard from a couple of people regarding my last column, so I thought I would begin this column by replying to a few of the things that they brought up. Both of these people think I should divide this column about evenly between general ranting and actual reviews of comics. One suggests that I can even make occasional "rude remarks" about other columnists, but I think I'll hold off on that for a bit, except to mention that a certain female columnist had something to do with the recent revival of the "Cult-classic" BOP GIRLS GO CALYPSO. Bob forbid I should mention any names.

But I had forgotten that this column, situated as it is in FF, doesn't get into the hands of the average comics reader that I'm used to writing for. I seem to have completely fooled my respondents into thinking that I was serious about my closing remarks on the subject for this column ("Do comics deserve to be repinted & why do all the reprints look so bad on shiny paper?"). IT WAS A JOKE! Since these two were fooled I can only assume that there were a few others equally stumped, so I will hasten to explain.

The average comic that you pick up on the newsstand (as opposed to those you can only find in specialty shops) is printed on newsprint paper. The art and coloring for the books is done with this process in mind. Now we have a number of different paper types being used by the various companies, both the Big Two and the smaller independents.

Unfortunately, artists, colorists and printers are so used to the old standards of printing that the art/colors/techniques from the past are still being used. The finished product can be glaring in intensity, and it has become a standard joke in comics fandom about being momentarily blinded and needing sunglasses to look at them. Add to this the recent influx of reprints by DC & Marvel of their older product in "longer lasting" books, and you can see the origin of my joke. Sorry!

There still remains the question of whether or not a lot of the older material deserves to be reprinted in the first place.

Frankly, I think it should be. But more care should be taken in the choice of material and the correct format. (For the speculators in the audience, I will also mention the effect of these reprints on the "market"). The current trend in reprints seems to be to reprint any and all material that has been done by current fan-faves while they are still hot. Books reprinting material by Walt Simonson (current artist on THE MIGHTY THOR for Marvel) and Frank Miller (former artist on DAREDEVIL & RONIN) in particular are being done even though much of this material is still available at reasonable prices (at least in less than Mint condition). Several publishers (PACIFIC and ECLIPSE come to mind) are reprinting the work of people like Jeff Jones, Bernie Wrightson and others in four-color books that was originally done for the black & white Warren line. While much of this work is beautifully done, and some of the finest comics art that you'll ever encounter, it is necessary to remember that the art was done with B&W production in mind. No matter how nicely done the coloring is, even with advisory input from the artist, it is still simply coloring over B&W art. Also, the issues of the various Warren books (VAMPERELLA, CREEPY and EERIE for the most part) are available for cover price (and sometimes less) in discount bins in shops and at cons. Sure you have to search a little to find the gems, but isn't that part of the fun of the hobby to begin with?

With very few exceptions (the SPIRIT books by Kitchen Sink, for example) very little attempt has been made to reprint the classic stuff of twenty, thirty or more years ago.

EVERY TIME IT RAINS IT RAINS
PENNIES FROM
HEAVEN



For reverence to older art and artists it is better to look into the reprints of newspaper comic strips, done by any number of the smaller companies, and also available in foreign editions (Europeans have a far better appreciation of the creative ability of artists, as do many Asian and South American countries). Oh, lest I forget, I do know that the SPIRIT comics were originally done as part of a Sunday supplement comics section. I should also mention, lest I be called a super-hero chauvinist, the reprints of the EC Comics by Russ Cochran and the reprints of Carl Barks' work on the various Disney Donald Duck/Uncle Scrooge books, and the upcoming reprints of John Stanley's LIL' LULU (both by Another Rainbow). Since these books are being done in hard-cover and with limited runs going for hundreds of bucks apiece, they really don't concern me for the moment. If you have the money as well as the interest, though, I'd go for them.

While the topic of reprints hasn't exhausted itself, by any means, and I may return to it in a future column (depending on feedback, and I'm hoping that you'll write me at the address below), I'll move on to something else for now.

I seem to be in the mood for nostalgia, and the subject of reprints does segue sort of naturally into this.

I don't know how many of you grew up with comics as I did, or how many of you did and finally moved away from them (I did for a while, but came back with a vengeance), but I have always been a sucker for DC comics. Even when it was almost a sin in fandom to be reading anything but Marvel, I still picked up an occasional SUPERMAN, BATMAN or (heaven forbid) WONDER WOMAN, and actually found myself enjoying them. Even when the stories were patently silly, and the art was almost hack work, there was a certain nostalgic magic, especially with SUPERMAN. Sure he was three times more powerful than God, but he was still trying to convince Lois that he was not Clark Kent (or was that the other way around?) During the twenty-five years that I have been reading DC comics, and the twenty-five years prior to that in the company's history, a lot of stuff has come along to muddy the waters, as it were.

For instance... The SUPERMAN that I read about as a kid, as well as the SUPERBOY that grew up to be him, is not the SUPERMAN/BOY of today. That SUPERMAN exists on Earth-Two, which is a parallel earth almost identical to ours but vibrating at a slightly different rate and therefore not existing in the same space/dimension/universe. In fact, there are about five -- or is it six? -- other earths co-existing, each with slightly different histories and superheroes.

Well, geez, but doesn't this all get confusing, you ask? Sure, but that's why we invented the multi-verse to begin with. But that still doesn't explain the story in ACTION #313 where SUPERMAN and... Hey, are you being an a**hole, or what? It's only a story.... Yeah, but you said... (Get the idea?)

How do you wrap all this up and come up smelling like roses, or at least like non-mildewed newsprint? The answer is CRISES ON INFINITE EARTHS, a twelve issue mini-series from DC, which is an attempt to clarify, redefine and make coherent fifty years of non-continuity.

In only the first three issues (all that have gotten to me thus far, thanks to my Lady Love back in the wilds of Brooklyn) DC has wiped out several superheroes and the Earths they lived on, as well as a number of secondary characters from superhero, war and western books published over the past thirty years, changed a villainess into a heroine and modified the powers of several others. With nine issues to go, it will be curious to see just how far they can go, and just how much they leave changed when the mini-series ends and the regular books try to pick up the continuity.

This last remark brings to mind Marvel's biggest seller of the past few years, MARVEL SUPER HEROES: THE SECRET WARS (we will in good taste refrain from comment on the upcoming SECRET WARS II, and simply wish the writer a terrible mind-warping disease and an equally noxious fate to any artist assigned to the project).

Begun with more hype than even a Reagan aide would consider good taste, SW almost at once became an incredible financial success, even as it was being tagged as the most mediocre thing to happen to comics by every critic and review to come along, continuing until the "new" Justice League of America was formed (Please, it's still too painful to talk about). It was bad enough that the writing and art were among the most hackish stuff available on the newsstand, but as almost an act of

outright insult the books starring the characters involved in SW showed the characters getting over the injuries and "dramatic" changes that had yet to take place in the mini-series. How in the heck can you get any dramatic effect from that? SPIDER-MAN is shown running around in, and then dropping his new uniform even before he gets it in the SW book, and the HULK not only recovers from his wounds but goes insane within a few more issues.

In spite of all this, Marvel is quite right in putting out a sequel. After all, the success of the first one demonstrates that the comics companies have learned the truth of the old saying, "You can't go broke underestimating the taste of the American public".

To end on a slightly more upbeat note, let me mention two series that are currently available that do bring some of the fun back to comics.

First is MEGATON MAN, published by Kitchen Sink, an incredible spoof of the early Marvel line with D. Simpson doing an incredible job in both the writing & art departments. How long he can keep it up is anybody's guess, but I hope he doesn't burn himself out too soon.

The second series is equally strange but slightly milder, and aims at far more targets (Archie, DC, Harvey, First and others) in a twelve-book maxi-series. This is normal-man by Valentino, and was being published by Aardvark-Vanaheim (the people who continue to publish the must-have Cerebus) but will continue under the Renegade Press label, which is taking over all the non-Dave Sims books from A-V. In four-color (as is MEGATON MAN), this is also a nice item, and Valentino brings his love of the medium into each story.

Upcoming you might keep an eye peeled (if it isn't too painful) for the AMBUSH BUG mini-series (here we go again!) from DC. Very funny stuff if the first few appearances of the character are any indication.

Next time around (and this time it isn't a joke, but keep your guard up because I might do it again) we'll talk about T.H.U.N.D.E.R. AGENTS along with some real nasty things being said about ELEMENTALS and other crap not worth buying (SWII for instance).

Please send all comments, free comics, and zines to: Steve Chaput, USS BUTTE (AE-27), FPO New York, NY 09565 -- but keep low since we don't fire warning shots, OK?



*Who is the man walking in the Way?
An eye glaring in the skull.*

—SACCHO

THE GLARING EYE

ROGER STEWART

Not long ago I received one of Bill Devine's infrequent mail-order lists and saw that he still has copies of BLAZING VIOLENCE for sale. Devine published this black-and-white comic himself in 1975 and 1976. BLAZING VIOLENCE ran for two whole issues, each of which was almost entirely devoted to a long adventure featuring Larry Blamire's THE PREDATOR.

The setting is the 1940's. Police Lieutenant Pete McLain, in the best tradition of pulp heroes, dons boots, jodhpurs, and hawk-like mask to go after criminals the law can't touch. The Predator's battles against gangsters are extremely violent; the characterizations and dialog are strictly hard-boiled. Make no mistake, the attitude embodied here is as fascistic as anything Mickey Spillane ever cooked up. And yet --

And yet -- these are some of the best comics I've ever read! Blamire's plotting is perfect, his sense of pacing is perfect, and he builds suspense until your nerves are frayed. Corben's THE BUTCHER, which debuted, coincidentally, in 1975 in EERIE, is a similar concept. But THE PREDATOR is better. Write Bill Devine, Box 2265, Quincy, MA 02 69 and inquire.

I swore I would never buy another Chris Claremont mutant soap-opera, but Bill Sienkiewicz's artwork on recent issues of THE NEW MUTANTS makes that magazine worth at least a look. Sienkiewicz's use of distorted shapes and stark designs creates a disturbing, expressionistic milieu. (The cover of issue 28 would not have looked out of place in SIMPLICISSIMUS.) The look Sienkiewicz has given THE NEW MUTANTS may be reminiscent of nothing so much as another set of comic strip juveniles, Lyonel Feininger's THE KIN-DER-KIDS.

In 1906, the Chicago TRIBUNE imported German artist Feininger to give their comics section a touch of class. His bizarre layouts and flat, jagged designs will, at times, recall to today's readers the sets of the expressionistic film masterpiece, THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI (1919). The complete run of THE KIN-DER-KIDS has been reprinted by Dover publications, 180 Varick St., New York, NY 10014.

If you have read REID FLEMING, WORLD'S TOUGHEST MILKMAN, you don't need me to tell you to pick up Dave Boswell's HEARTBREAK COMICS. Reid's saga continues in HEARTBREAK, but this time the focus is on Laszlo, the Hungarian Casanova who's screwing Reid's wife, Lena. Boswell has a looney sense of humor and a drawing style to match. If this stuff doesn't make you laugh, ask your doctor if you need an injection of humor hormones. Send \$3 to David Boswell, Box 67595, Stn. 0, Vancouver, B.C. Canada V5W 3V1.

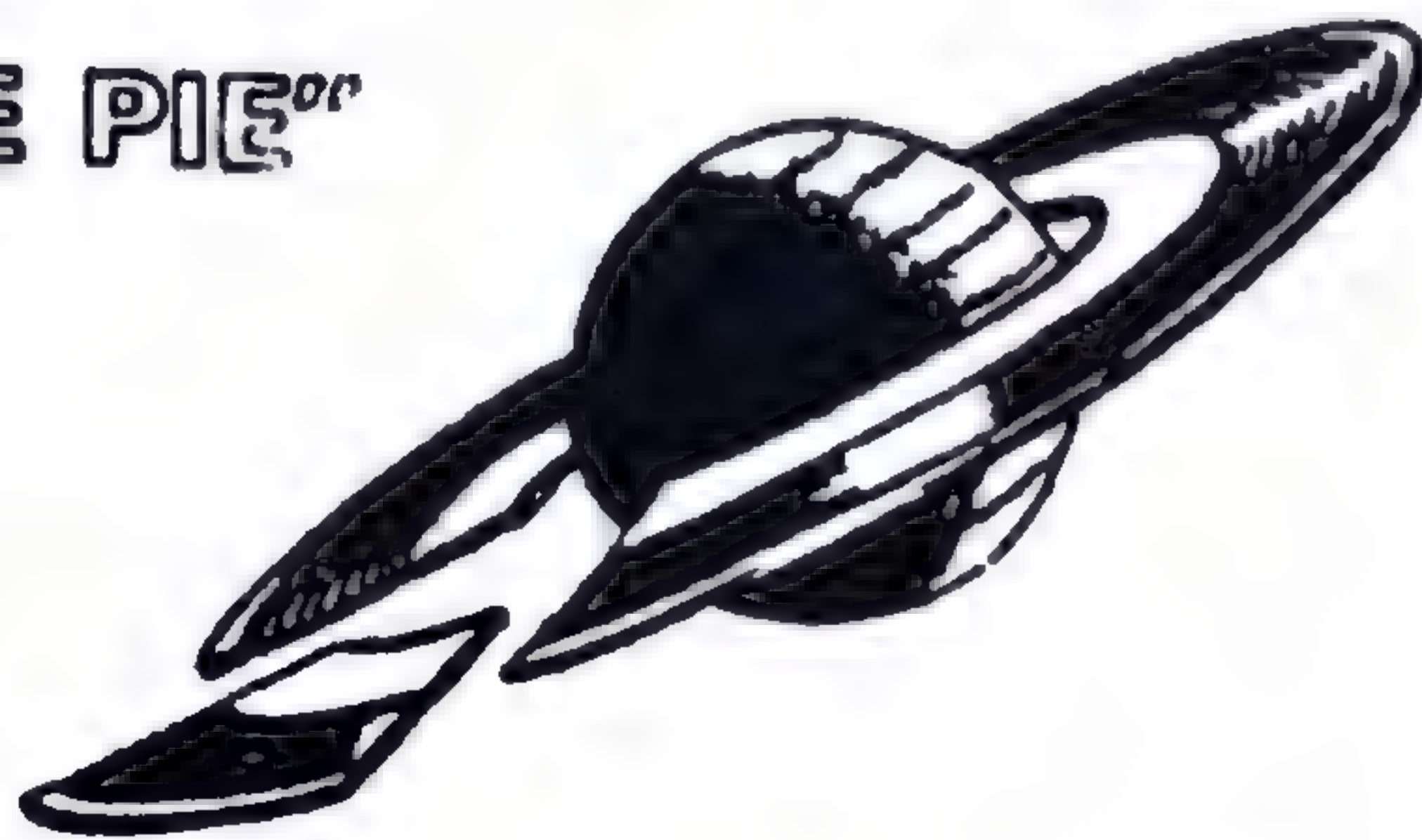
The best RAW imitation I've seen is BAD NEWS (PO Box 2053, Madison Square Sta., New York, NY 10159). Art Spiegelman serves as editorial advisor. David Marc's analysis of the BEVERLY HILLBILLIES, illustrated by Drew Friedman, is, in itself, worth the price of admission (\$3 plus \$1 postage).

First Comics' SHATTER is the first comic drawn completely on a computer. I expected it to be a gimmick -- cliched, insubstantial junk masked by a new look. I was wrong. SHATTER SPECIAL NO. 1 features a solid story full of clever ideas. The art does not suffer from having the enormously talented Michael Saenz at the controls of the MacIntosh.

SHATTER evokes the high-tech decadence of Ridley Scott's BLADE RUNNER, a landmark movie whose visual influence continues to be felt. If you like either of these you would do well to pick up William Gibson's first novel, NEUROMANCER, which just won the Philip K. Dick Award.

An even more decadent future is waiting for you in RANXEROX. Tamburini and Liberatore are the perfect writer/artist team; each knows how to give the other just the right amount of room. Some readers may be offended -- I can't imagine why! -- by the graphic violence and explicit depictions of sex with underage girls. To quote Offissa Pup: "Evil walks with beauty -- beauty with evil -- and yet -- and yet --"

"SLICE OF THE PIE"



Remy Chevalier
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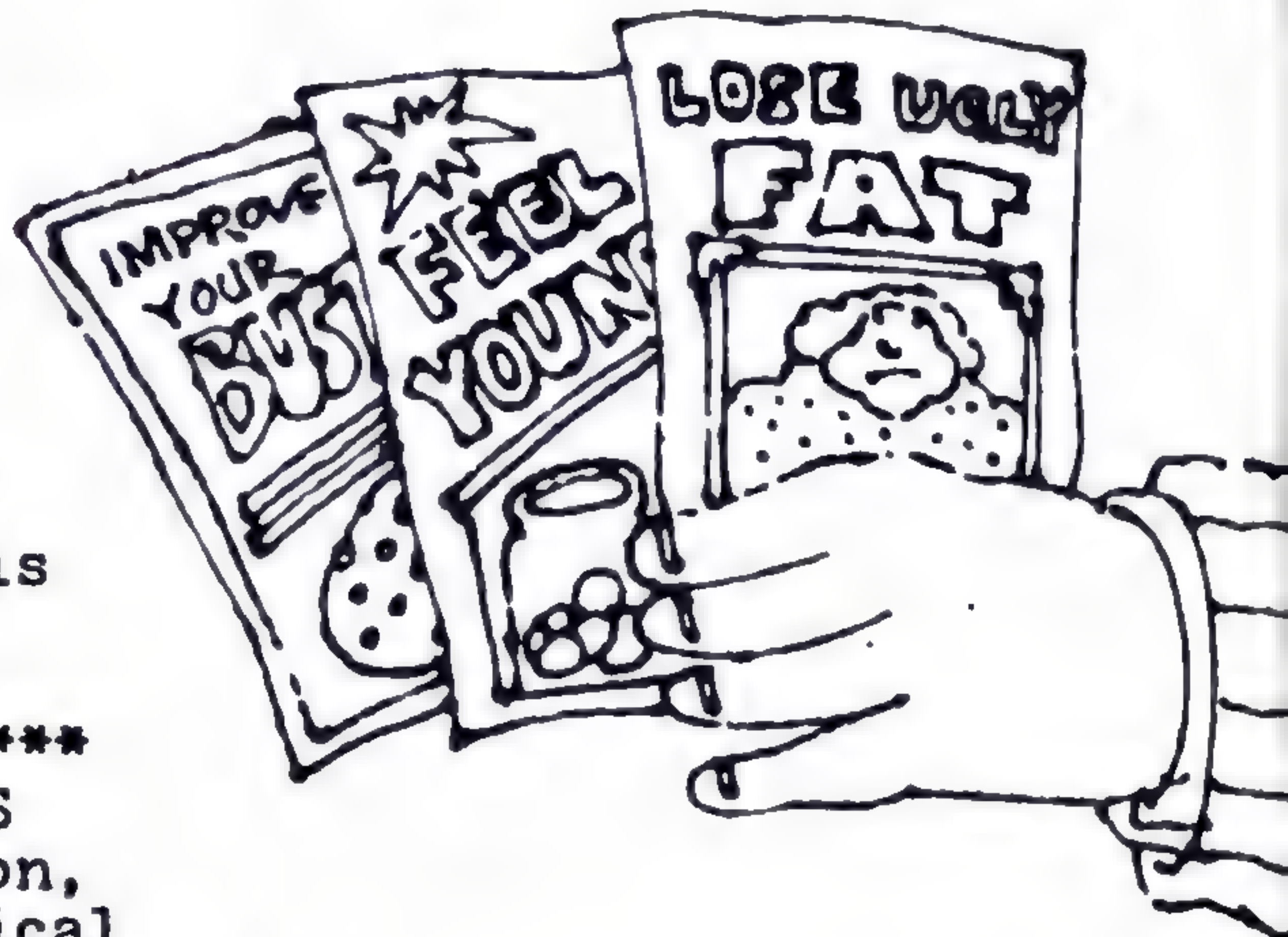
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BOOKS

I've been getting more and more publications that aren't periodicals but seem to deserve a bit more space than I give to the average commercial book. These things seem to me to warrant more extensive reviews than do fanzines, if only because they only get one chance. So I think I'll lead off this part with a few reviews of various small-press books and papers.



Michael Baran, *THE BARAN PAPERS* (\$4.50 from 479 N. Cary St., Brockton, MA 02402): This is sort of theoretical backup for the ideas Baran discusses in his book *TWILIGHT OF THE GODS* (reviewed in FF13). About 40 pages of typescript, this is divided into three main sections. The first suggests a unified field theory based on the idea that electromagnetism is just gravity operating on a very small scale. The second proposes that both Kirlian photography and Spontaneous Human Combustion can be explained by a model involving resonance of tiny subatomic particles. The third paper tries to tie together a lot of occult and psychic ideas by postulating a new type of energy field uniting them.

I'm sorry to say that this stuff is purely and simply crap. Sorry because I fear this will make Baran assume that I'm either out to get him or that I've been brainwashed by the Scientific Establishment. Had Baran made up his own vocabulary for these papers, and spoken in terms of dynamic squodgles and microscopic feweents, nobody would be in much position to criticize. But if he's going to use the vocabulary of modern physics, and talk at length about gravitons, polarization, and quantum effects -- which he does -- then he's got to use it right. As long as he persists on imposing his own ideas on the vocabulary of modern physics, rather than finding out what the words really mean, than Baran is talking nonsense, and the sooner he realizes this and stops, the better off he'll be.

Paul Buhle, ed., *LABOR'S JOKE BOOK* (\$3.95 from WD Press, PO Box 24115, St. Louis, MO 63130; 64 pp. paper): Workers have been fighting bosses probably since the first caveman to wonder why the chief got the best meat from the hunt, and getting hit over the head for their troubles for just about as long. I suspect the first labor humor is probably a rude drawing on the wall of a cave somewhere showing the chief being chased by a buffalo. No doubt it helped the disgruntled hunter to blow off steam.

These examples are of rather more recent vintage, mainly since the turn of the century, and reflect the continuing effort to blow off steam while making the boss look ridiculous. The book is split roughly evenly between graphics and text. We can see the image of the fat-cat capitalist echoing down the years, now gradually being replaced by images of threatening computers and worker alienation. The humor has grown in sophistication but not lost in pointedness. This book would be welcomed by anyone who has to work for a living and is sick of it.

Church of Seven Arrows, *SHAMAN'S NOTES 2* (\$4 from 4385 Hoyt St. #201, Wheatridge, CO 80033; 32 pp. paper): This book first attempts to define a framework that any religion ought to be describable within and then goes on to fill in the skeleton with the religion taught by the Church of Seven Arrows. The details are interesting, but it's the framework that will probably be of interest to most.

They divide Theology up into Mythos, Cosmogony, Dogma, Doctrines and describe the relations between the various parts. For example, Dogmas apply to all on the path at all times, while Dogmas may change to fit

time and circumstance. This doesn't mean that they see their own Dogmas as being "correct", but only that those who disagree are following a different path to the truth.

Probably the best part of the book is the carefully thought-out list of questions to be considered when looking at Dogmas. Joining a Church shouldn't be a hasty decision, and these questions are designed to make the initiate think about what they're doing. Second best is the Seven Arrows system, involving a blend of several native American, Eastern, and contemporary mystic traditions.

The worst thing about the book is all the sillyass annoying non-standard capitalization, punctuation, underlining and italics, used far too often to lend emphasis. It loses its cuteness quickly, and is so prevalent that it doesn't function for emphasis either. But maybe I'm just too picky.

M.L. Endicott, VAGABOND GLOBETROTTER: State of the Art (\$8.95 from Enchiridion International, PO Box 2589, Cullowhee, NC 28723; 142 pp. paper): "This book presents everything you need to know to travel not just anywhere, but everywhere at the least cost" says the author. I won't swear he's correct, but damned if I can see anything he's left out.

The book is organized as a series of broad sections such as Finance, Credentials, Guidebooks and Transport. Within each section Endicott summarizes concisely his own knowledge, gained through extensive reading and more extensive travel. Then, in the best networking style, he provides hundreds of contact addresses for more information: contacts on how to hop freight trains, how to join the Youth Hostels network, what to do about medical care overseas, and lots more.

This book should prove invaluable for the beginning traveller who can greatly benefit from somebody else's hard-won knowledge. How do you beat the "sufficient funds requirement" for entry to some countries? What's the WHO's recommended electrolyte therapy for the trots? What gear is going to be cheaper and easier to buy here? You could hunt up all the answers eventually without this book, but why go to all that trouble when you can find them in one place?

Dave Reissig, THE ORPHAN BILL STORIES (\$1 from Hitheryon House, PO Box 452, Syracuse, NY 13201; 24 pp. paper): Orphan Bill is sort of an Everyman character who gets into all sorts of interesting situations that only last for one paragraph. Perhaps the best way I can get the idea across is to quote one of the things:

"51. Pursuing his inner self, Orphan Bill journeyed to see the Old Wise Man. He sent in his card, and then was ushered into the inner sanctum. The Old Wise Man was studying the latest issue of Wisdom Comics. He greeted Orphan Bill with a throaty chuckle, and offered him a fortune cookie. Orphan Bill's fortune read, 'Don't be too sure!' He was amazed. After exchanging weighty thoughts with the older man, Orphan Bill started home, wiser and full of inner self-hood. Orphan Bill knew things."

There are 70 Orphan Bill stories in this book, so you get as much plot as in eight or ten issues of your favorite fiction magazine, though admittedly a lot less verbiage. And if you like Reissig's style, there's a long list of other stuff by him that Hitheryon House has pubbed. (Not too surprising, as it's his own company).

David Stanley, SOUTH PACIFIC HANDBOOK (\$14.20 from Moon Publications, PO Box 1696, Chico, CA 95927; 581 pp. paper): An awesome travel guide. If Triple-A went into this sort of detail you'd need a Mack Truck to haul around the books for your US vacation. Stanley has been travelling around the South Pacific since 1975, and this book has all of his experience of ten years condensed.

A few vignettes might serve to demonstrate the level of detail. How about a walking tour of the battle spots on Guadalcanal, with directions on how to get to the beached and rusting LVTs? Or 5 pages of detail on the Kokoda trail across the mountains of New Guinea? Or which hotels to stay in on Fiji? Or where the best spots for scuba diving in Tonga are?

Beyond the things to see and do, SOUTH PACIFIC HANDBOOK is an invaluable reference on the history, customs, flora, fauna, geography, crafts, events, food, lodgings and lots else all across the region. Covers everything between Australia, Hawaii and the Galapagos in wonderful detail. If you buy it, you'll find yourself planning a vacation whether you intended to or not.

Dave Wilber, FOOL'S GOLD IS GREEN (The New York Times Book Review, PO Box 22431, St. Louis, MO 63126; 36 pages paper): An introduction to the ideas behind the Constitutionalist movement as exemplified by the works of Merrill M.E. Jenkins, Sr., who was sure he'd figured out what was funny about our money. Starts out by tracing the history of our monetary system and explaining as best they can the con behind the Federal Reserve System.

The heart of this book is the 18 page glossary of terms, in the spirit of Bierce's DEVIL'S DICTIONARY. For example, a government bond is defined as "a certificate of guaranteed confiscation" and "frivolous" is defined as "A Federal judge's opinion when any sound argument that challenges his Federal Reserve Masters is submitted." The book concludes with some ideas on how to stop the current trend where every year "brings us one step closer to being totally controlled with fiat money, fluoride, phoney taxes, and false information".

There's only one thing that makes me faintly cynical about the whole operation. For people who think that Federal Reserve Notes are worthless frauds, they've sure got a lot of material they're willing to trade for them.

NONE DARE CALL IT CONSPIRACY, by Gary Allen (Concord Press pb 1972): An analysis of the secret forces behind government that would be more believable if it weren't so strongly anti-Nixon in an election year. (AAA)

THESE RESTLESS HEADS, by Branch Cabell (Literary Guild hc 1932): A writer writes about writing and life. Interesting reminiscences cloaked in an engaging style. (AAAA)

M*A*S*H GOES TO PARIS, by Richard Hooker & William Butterworth (Pocket pb 1975): A series of coincidences is invoked to reunite the M*A*S*H crowd, and then they engage in low life and sexual innuendo in Gay Paree. Tedious. (A)

THE MONEY HARVEST, by Ross Thomas (Avon pb 1975): Money, politics and scandal fight it out as a lone hero struggles to save the ideals of his dead mentor. Tightly plotted and fun. (AAAA)

CHINA GATE, by William Arnold (Ballantine pb 1983): American gang takes over and dominates the Taiwan underworld and introduces capitalism to the island. As exciting as a high-school yearbook. (AA)

LEGACY OF FEAR, by K.T. Anders (Avon pb 1985): A good first spy novel. An amateur heroine finds herself up against pro spies and does all right for herself. Quick-moving and compelling. (AAAA+)

UNDERSTANDING CIVILIZATIONS, by James K. Feibleman (Horizon hc 1975): Good first introduction to the men who have molded our ideas of civilization, on a non-technical level. (AAA)

THE CEILING OF HELL, by Warren Murphy (Fawcett pb 1984): Murphy should have stuck to the DESTROYER series. This one is a tedious attempt to develop a character for a future series. (Ø)

THE NATURAL MIND, by Andrew Weil (Houghton Mifflin tpb 1972): A look at drugs, what they do, how our society might better cope with them. Rational thoughts from a trained observer. (AAAAA)

STILLWATCH, by Mary Higgins Clark (Simon & Schuster hc 1984): A novel of political scandal in Washington DC. The plot is pinned on a series of coincidences but you almost don't notice this. Strong female characters. (AAAA)

THE INTEGRAL TREES, by Larry Niven (Ballantine pb 1985): Ringworld without the ring. Another physics text with funny-looking people thrown in. Should have paid more attention to the story and less to setting up for a sequel (AA)

LUCY, by Donald Johanson & Maitland Edey (Warner tpb 1982): The fascinating story of the discovery of a 3½ million old ancestor of ours and the author's attempts to figure out what it means. Too heavy on the "underdog against Leakey" theme, but otherwise good stuff. (AAAA)

THE FOREST PEOPLE, by Colin M. Turnbull (Touchstone tpb 1962): A study of the pygmies carried out by living with them. Turnbull makes the life in the jungle come to life with gentle, loving prose. Peaceful anarchy in action. (AAAA)

WORK TRANSFORMED, by Harley Shaiken (Holt, Rinehart hc 1984): Some thoughts about the future of the factory and who will control it. If the workers don't start thinking about it soon, it won't be them. (AAAAA)

THE JESUITS, by Manfred Barthel (Wm. Morrow tpb 1984): The history of the Pope's heavy artillery from the earliest days to their current struggle. Good popularization of a fascinating subject. (AAAA)

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THE JESUITS, by Manfred Barthel (Wm. Morrow tpb 1984): The history of the Pope's heavy artillery from the earliest days to their current struggle. Good popularization of a fascinating subject. (AAAA)

LIMITS, by Larry Niven (Ballantine pb 1985): Short stories are something Niven is much better at than novels. The Draco's Tavern ones are good hard SF. Most of the others are pretty good too. (AAA½A)
DESCENT FROM XANADU, by Harold Robbins (Pocket pb 1984): Richest man in the world tries to live forever. Even the sex scenes are lousy. (A)

SUPERFORCE, by Paul Davies (Simon & Schuster tpb 1984): Excellent level-headed discussion of the forefront of modern physics. Davies is an excellent popularizer, and by writing a book a year he's almost keeping up with research. (AAAAA)

SCIENCE AND GOVERNMENT, by C.P. Snow (Harvard hc 1961): A study of decision-making in WWII that concludes there is a need for trained scientists in government but not running the government. (AAA)

HOLY BLOOD, HOLY GRAIL, by Michael Baigent et al (Dell pb 1982): Jesus Christ gets married and fathers the original kings of France. Allegedly serious history. (AAA)

A VIEW FROM THE SQUARE, by John Trenhaile (Jove pb 1983): Spy novel somewhat hampered by references to other novels in the series and basic incredulity. (AAA)

MASH GOES TO MAINE, by Richard Hooker (Pocket pb 1974): Stupid sexual innuendo without the sex. As funny as a gall bladder attack. (A)

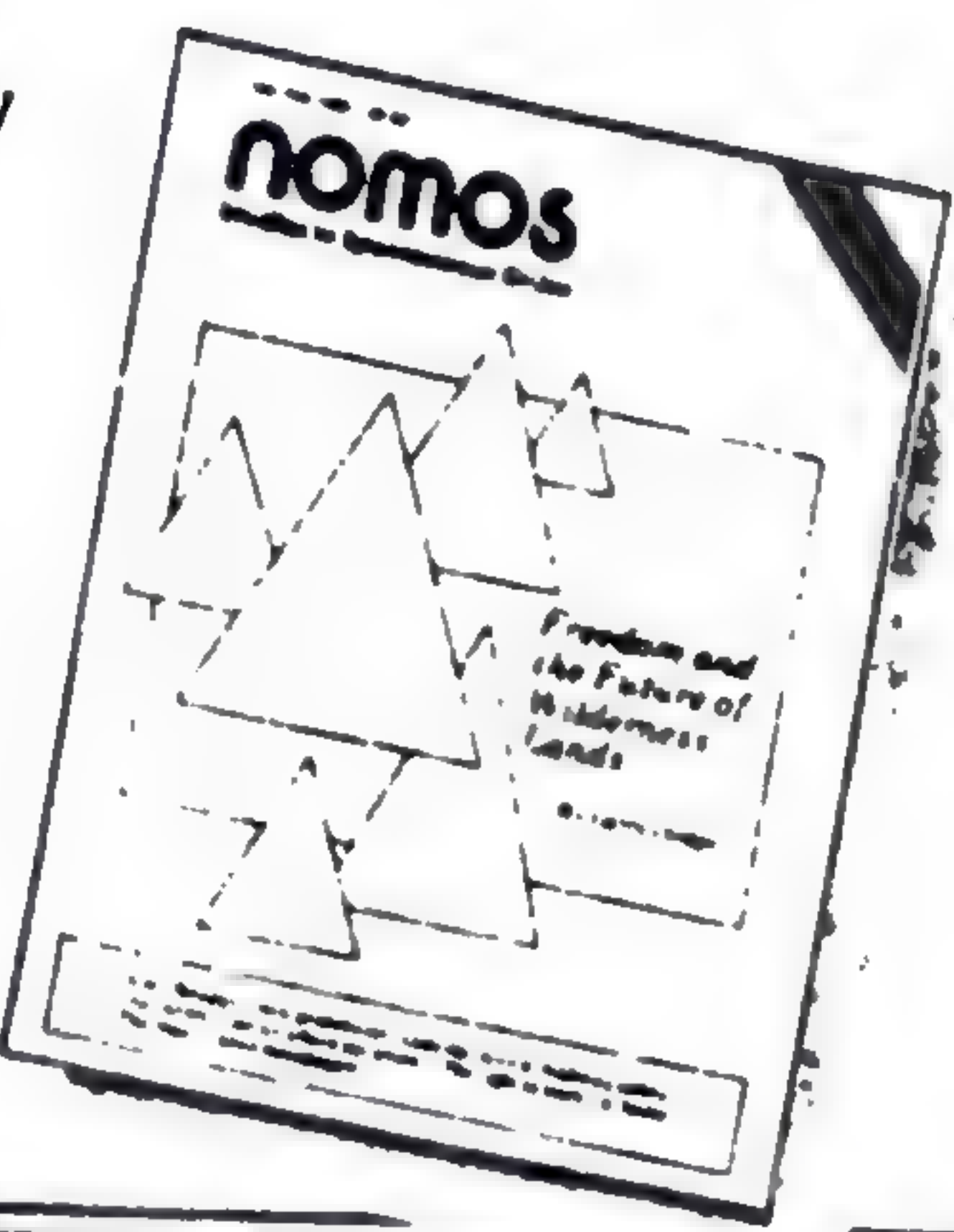
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FEEDBACK

The publication gets a little more professional and serious every issue. Will there always be room for pointless whimsy? I've always liked your book reviews and any movie reviews that get in. Have been afraid to send for any of the other zines because I hear this affects your credit rating. -- Steve Trever

((Of course there's room for pointless whimsy. I printed your letter, didn't I?))

It would take me all winter to read all FACTSHEET FIVE and INSIDE JOKE but I'll try....That note -- Do my ads need an explanation? Besides, I don't want to come on too strong. That would spoil everything. -- J.C. Brainbeau

Do you think a lot of people send away for a lot of publications? (What incredible personal libraries they must be getting!) (What am I talking about?--What an incredible personal library YOU must have!) But anyway, do you know who your readers are -- I mean what they're like? --Nancy (of NANCY'S MAGAZINE)

((Yeah, I get the impression that a lot of my readers send away for half a dozen publications from every FF, if only because I'm always hearing for other publishers about the amount of mail they get because of FF. But I don't have that good an idea what my readers are like. It seems that readers' surveys don't get much response, and I can't hire a team of private detectives to check 'em out.))

The term "posterist" is an interesting & useful term. Is it your own coinage? Kudos, if so. -- Candi Strecker

((Yup))

Re whether to let FF grow or pare it down, I would throw the following suggestion into the fray, based solely on my own bias: keep it down to an affordable size and focus on SF/fantasy art & literature. This may not be fair to the gay-libertarian-spiritualists, but who can cover life's cultural spectrum in one zine? -- William H. Doyle

((Well, I intend to keep trying. The reason I don't want to pare down to just the SF/fantasy zines is that there are already plenty of zines concentrating on that area, or for that matter in any particular area, full of contact addresses. I'm more interested in breaking down barriers and exposing people to new stuff.))

Thank-you for reviewing Cerebral Discourse ... although we don't necessarily agree with the pigeon-holing review -- that's OK. -- Pets

((What's a mother to do? I'd love to have the space and time to give exhaustive and friendly two-page descriptions of everything that I get, but I can't manage it. So I hope the pigeon-holes, inadequate as they are, give the readers at least some idea of what the zines are all about.))

What made you begin rating these publications? I think that it is great. If I had the drugs to spare I'd send you some but you seem to know us O.C. punks, we hoard all our coke. -- Jeff from POSTWAR

((Silly me, I started FF as a means of making my life easier. The original two-pagers went in letters to friends so I wouldn't have to repeat myself to everyone when I found something good. I thought it would be easier to just type one letter and make copies. After that, it just grewed.))



OBSC

✱

Does FF turn a profit? -- John E

((Nope, not yet. I lose a couple of hundred dollars a year. On the other hand it hasn't gotten much worse even though my pagecount has gone way up, so I'm still hoping to break even in the future.))

Enjoyed both Chaput and Stewart's Comic Book columns. Please pass on to Chaput that he's not going unread, and that as far as I'm concerned (and I doubt that I'm alone) his fear of the column being inappropriate and unappreciated is groundless. -- Dave Szurek

I'd like to hear from any of your readers who are able to rise above the preconceived idea that all prisoners are to be looked down upon as some sort of scum, a view that is certainly contrary to any egalitarian philosophy....It is only through such solidarity that we can all win, something we will never be able to accomplish so long as we allow the elites of the world to keep us divided and at each others throats. -- Leonard F. Tate, C-36957, PO Box 3535 - 31/05, Norco CA 91760

Back to FF, I was glad to see that the Bob Black/PW thing did not pop up anywhere. It's nice to read a zine that doesn't have any mention at all of the feud. -- imagine

((Alas, I finally decided that it was time to stop fence-sitting and mention it. I hope not to devote much time to this topic in the future.))

The Winner of the Last FF Contest (for the time being, anyhow) is R.K. "Doc" Hinton, who did some exhaustive research and sends in these comments in answer to the contest question, "Why is there pubic hair?":

"The immediate reaction of a scientific-type to this question would be something on the order of; (1) Pubic hair provides the scent tuft(s) for pheromones or (2) Hair on any part of the human anatomy provides dead air space for insulation. So much for the scientific types! Something a bit more down-to-Earth might be (3) that pubic hair is Nature's answer to a fig leaf. Ah me, the fundies are making noises. Will I have a cross burnt on my lawn? They wouldn't dare! Personally, I am inclined to favor an answer like (4) pubic hair is the source for transplants to the scalp. Less prosaic would be (5) that pubic hair offers a medium for artists to trim into interesting shapes/patterns. Those of us with jungle experience(s) know (6) that pubic hair makes the best hiding place for pestiferous vermin...ouch! By far the most telling argument regarding pubic hair is (7) that it is a tattletale for unnatural blondes."

Doc followed up with a second letter quoting a story from the Houston papers about a woman identifying her rapist in a nude lineup by recognizing "a very distinctive hair pattern around his navel and stomach".

Honorable Mention to Candi Strecker for sending in this news clipping:

... day to about
... enjoyed the friendship, you're
...s nappily but you want to know the truth ab...
your relationship so that the break is without bad
feelings.

DEAR BETH: My friend and I were talking about shaving off pubic hair. She said it was dangerous because we wouldn't have hair there if we didn't need it. I disagree. What DO we need it for? — Idle Curiosity

Public hair probably developed to protect that sensitive area from cold and harm in the rough life of the caveman. Now it isn't necessary.

What does your friend think about men shaving off their beards every day?

DEAR BETH: I was adopted very young. Now I'm 18 and want to know more about my real parents. I know their names. — Curly

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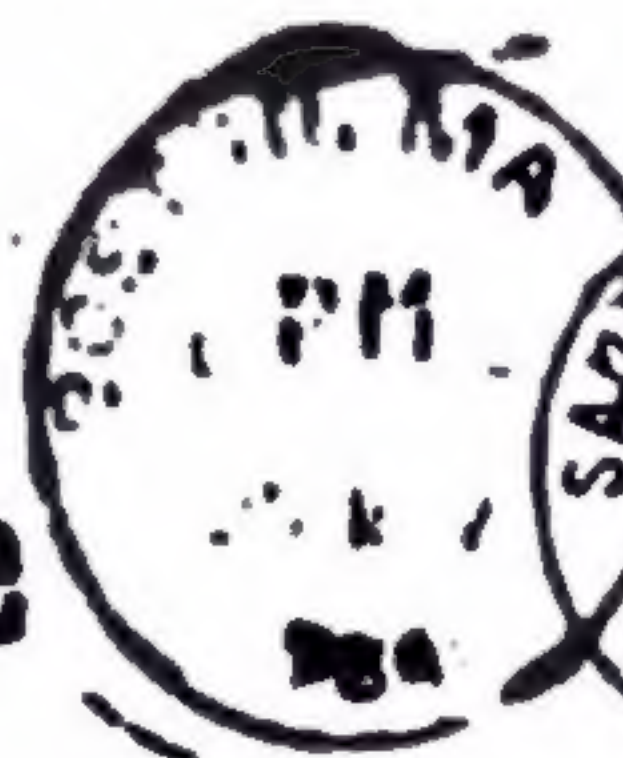
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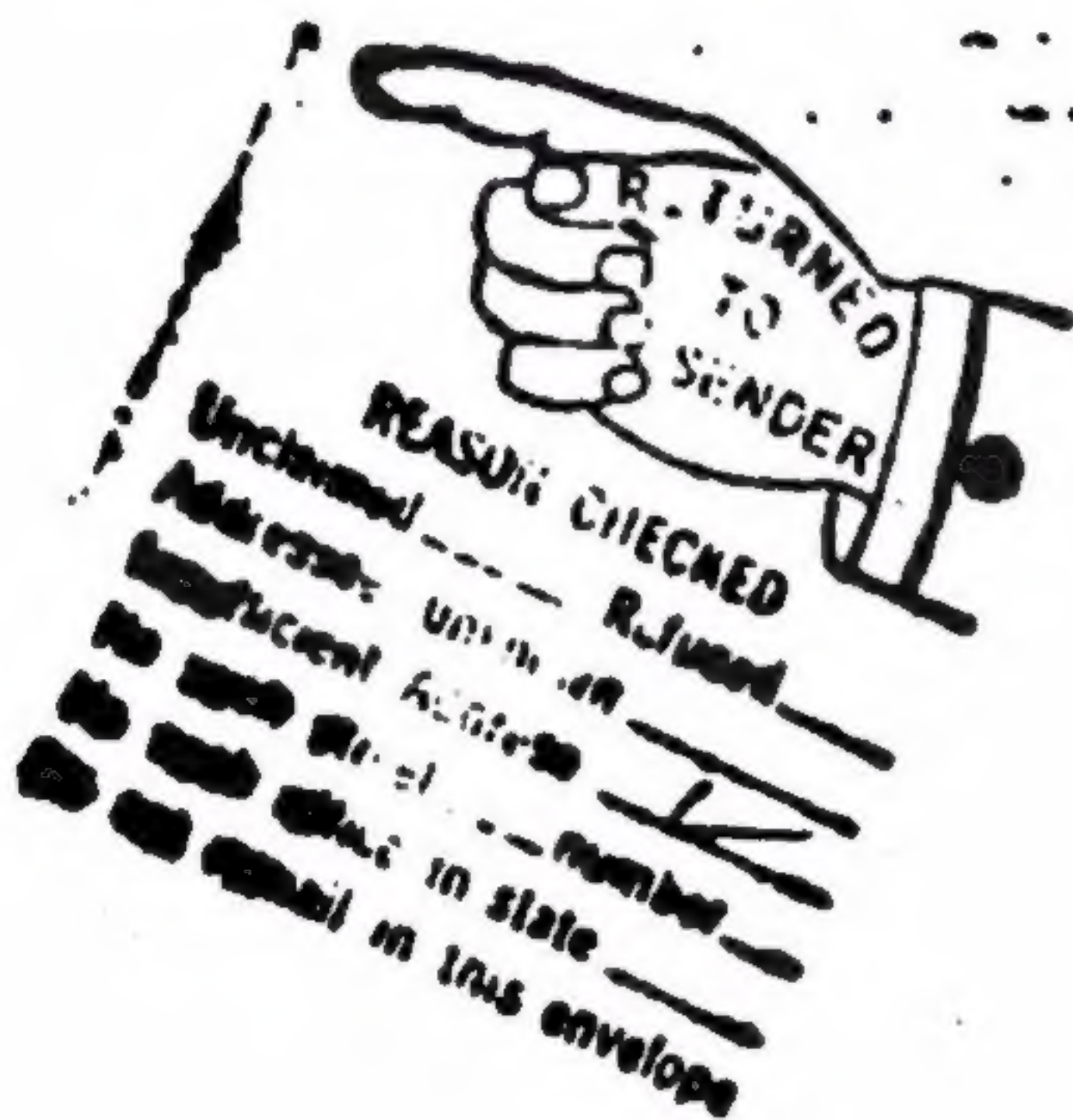
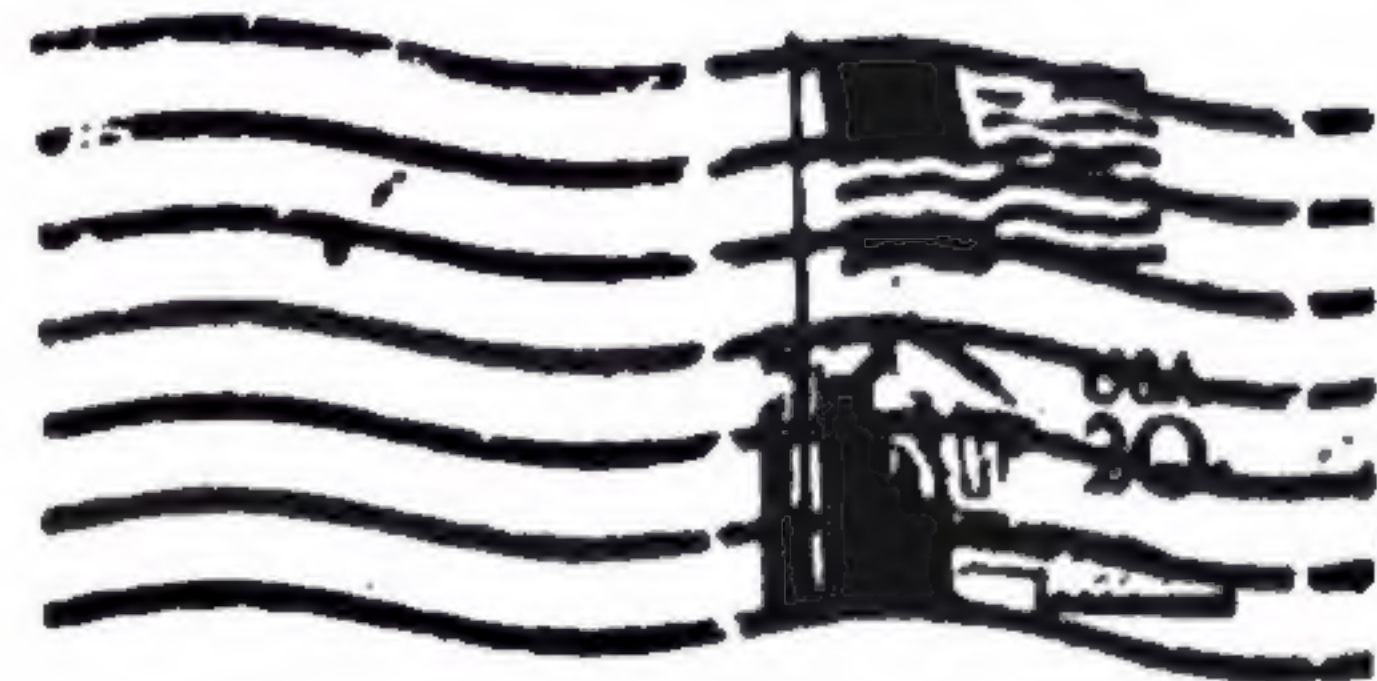


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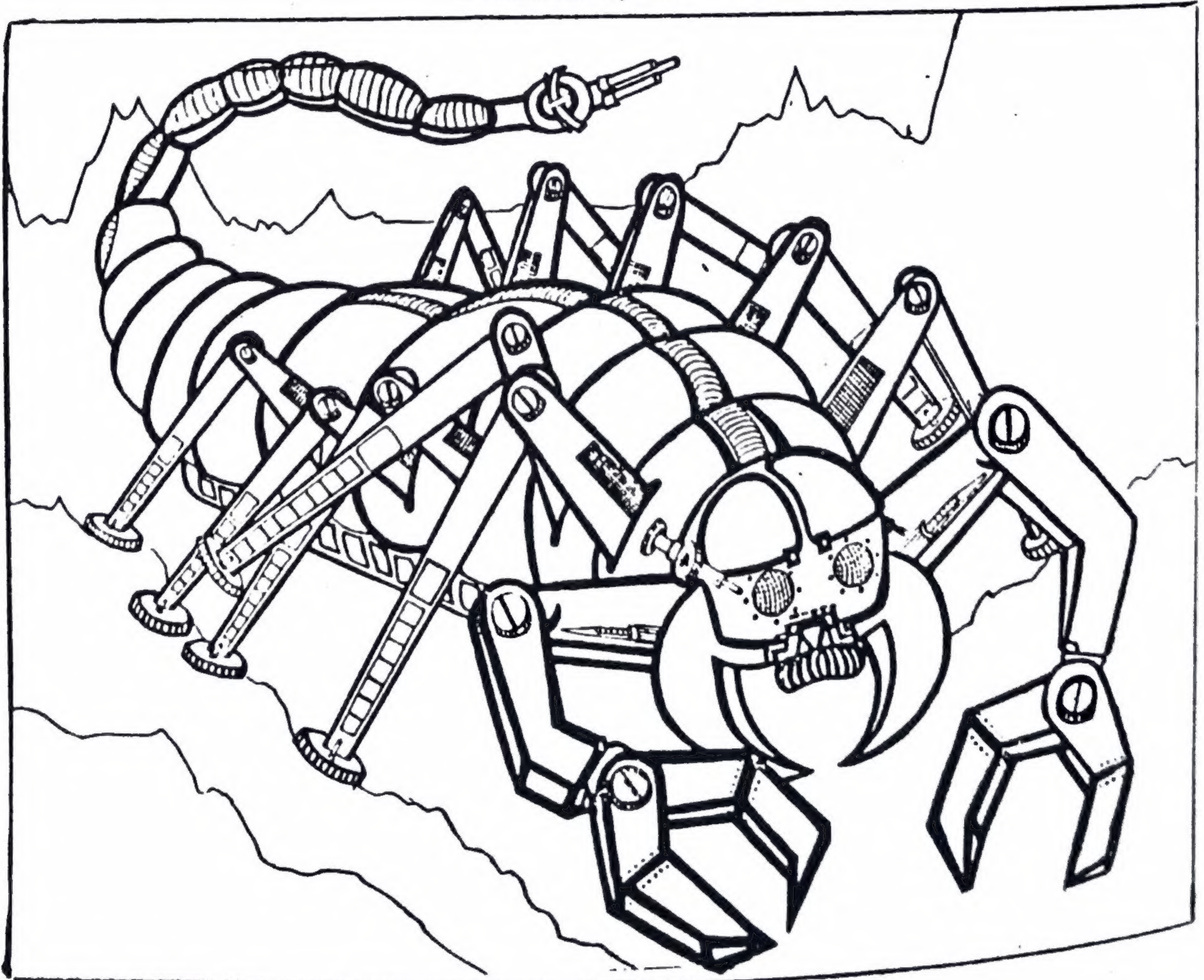
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